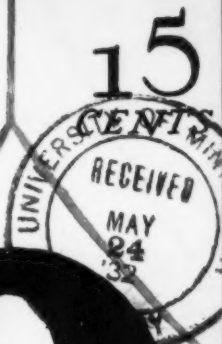


# Life



The  
greatest  
show  
on earth

*The*  
**SIX  
WRANGLING  
BROTHERS  
JUNE '32**

Charles Dummer



"BOOTS" MALLORY

Great advances have been made in direct color engraving, permitting the use of live models. Plates made by our method cost but slightly more than ordinary four-color plates, with a substantial saving to the advertiser in time and art-work.



POWERS REPRODUCTION CORPORATION

205 West 39th Street, New York

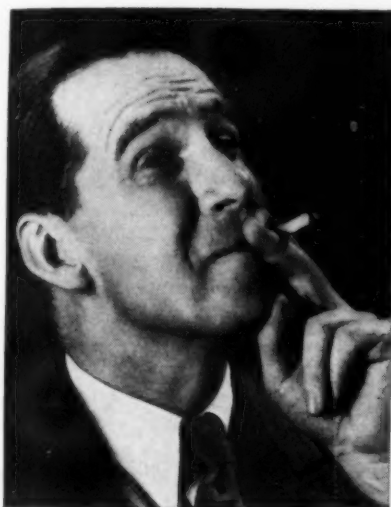
Tel. PEnnsylvania 6-0600

# One! Two! Three!

And You've Got It...

**Mouth Happiness**

To find full tobacco enjoyment...  
to find it accompanied by an absolutely moist-cool, clean taste! That  
is worth a little cultivating. And it's as easy as this:



**1 ... Light a Spud.**

Its menthol-coolness is unique, different. Don't let it surprise you...or put you off. That's only Step No. 1.



**2 ... Fourth Spud.**

The menthol taste is completely gone. You've come to like the coolness. It leaves your mouth fresh, clean.



**3 ... First pack!**

Now, you've discovered Spud's fine tobacco. Now, you appreciate its flavor. You're mouth-happy!



# SPUD

**MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES • 20 FOR 20c**

(30c IN CANADA) • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



## 3 weeks of France

... FOR THE COST OF  
A TRIP AT HOME!

THERE'S no parlor magic in this! It's been made possible by the recent 20% rate reduction and by the enlargement of Tourist Class on French Line express steamers. All accommodations formerly occupied by the spacious Second Class quarters are now Tourist Class . . . luxury, comfort, fast passage, at the lowest rates since the war.

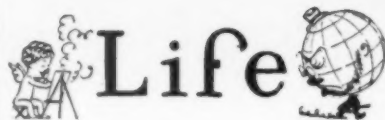
If you're planning a three-week trip this summer in these grand (but familiar) United States . . . then, for the same amount of money, you can have three glorious weeks of France!

Think of what can be done in ten days in Paris . . . the theaters, cafés, shops to visit . . . the chateau-studded countryside within easy reach . . . all yours! And then, to round out your three weeks, are those delightful days you'll have coming and going on the French Line . . . France Afloat.

That's where your extra days of France are gained. France begins for you at Pier 57, New York, with charming company, delicious cooking, English-speaking service, sturdy seamanship. . . Ask any travel agent for the details. The French Line, 19 State Street, New York City.

## French Line

ILE DE FRANCE, June 3 • CHAMPLAIN, June 30  
LAFAYETTE, June 21 • DE GRASSE, July 28  
ROCHAMBEAU, June 1, July 12 • PARIS,  
June 11, June 29, July 22 • FRANCE, June 16



JUNE, 1932  
VOL. 99 NUMBER 2567

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### NEXT MONTH

The Lowdown on the  
Olympics in Cartoon  
and Text

•  
"While There's Life,  
There's Hope"

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
60 E. 42nd St., New York  
FRED. G. FRANCIS,  
Chairman of the Board  
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Editor

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## SMOKER PENS CONFESSION

### Is Devoted to One Tobacco

Pleads with Makers  
To "Keep Up Good Work"

Loyalty is a common attribute of pipe smokers. But the loyalty of Mr. N. Sadlier-Brown, a resident of British Columbia, is of a kind and degree that would make any manufacturer feel proud of his product. Here is Mr. Sadlier-Brown's letter:

Blue River  
British Columbia  
November 26, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.  
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

It seems to me that I have been overlooking an obligation in not writing to you what I think about your valuable product, Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. If a good thing is made, it should be boosted by its users.

Edgeworth is the coolest tobacco I ever smoked, and I've tried plenty. It has a flavor all its own, and the "flavor lasts" to the very bottom of the pipe. It's a high grade tobacco, and other tobaccos priced the same don't touch it for quality.

Most important of all, it's the only tobacco I can smoke. I have a bronchial throat, and every make of tobacco I ever tried irritates it—except Edgeworth.

So keep up the good work, for if you stop making Edgeworth I shall have to stop smoking.

Yours faithfully,  
N. Sadlier-Brown

The makers of Edgeworth assure Mr. Sadlier-Brown that they certainly will "keep up the good work." And they want to assure him too that he will find the same fine quality in the Edgeworth he buys anywhere.

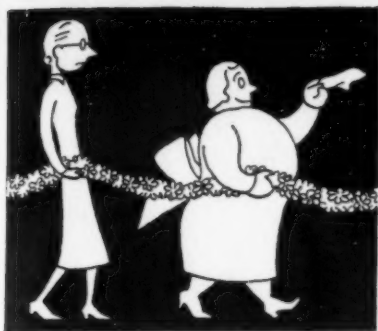
Perhaps you have never smoked a pipe. Perhaps you tried a pipe and found it wanting. In either case you are missing some of the real joys of smoking until you know the solid satisfaction of a good pipe with Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys with its natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process.

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 113 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a free sample packet of Edgeworth. Or you can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidifier tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins.

You are invited to tune in on the Edgeworth Radio Program every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, Eastern Daylight Time. The WJZ Network of the National Broadcasting Company.







### Dedicated to June

Ladies and Gentlemen, tidings I bring!  
Tell Tin Pan Alley to turn out a tune!  
Zephyrs and heifers and robins that sing,  
Poets and peasants and painters—it's June!  
Hear me, ye insects that fly in the air,  
Hear me, ye groundlings that crawl on the earth,  
June has arrived with a rose in her hair,  
Jocular June, merry mistress of mirth.  
Troths will be plighted and vows will be said.  
Organs will peal out that Lohengrin strain.  
Brides will now blush a delectable red,  
Skipping away to the honeymoon train.  
Students will pour from collegiate halls  
Ready to show how the world should be run,  
Golfers will swing at diminutive balls,  
All of creation will worship the sun.  
Breezes will rise from macadamized roads  
Sweetly perfumed with the essence of oil.  
Sundays we'll picnic with beetles and toads,  
Mondays we'll be too exhausted to toil.  
Fill up the hamper with frivolous food,  
Cruise in canoes in the light of the moon,  
Capture the rapture and lunatic mood—  
Join in the folly of jolly old June!  
—Arthur L. Lippmann.



## COOL SHAVES from the word "GO!"



### THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

**O**VER 1,000,000 men sprint through the morning shave in next to nothing flat! And there's never a scrape or a razor cut, because their running mate is cool, soothing Ingram's!

Ingram's chilly lather whitewashes the beard in record time, while you make a clean sweep on your face. It's the shave all nations run for! From starting gun to tape, you'll find that Ingram's Shaving Cream is

#### cool! Cool!!! COOL!!!

We've packed the same cool cream in tubes and in jars. The tube's a container that's built for convenience. The jar may prove more economical.

Ingram's is different from all other shaving creams. For it's made with one big object—the coolness of your face!

That's why Ingram's contains three special constituents, three elements that make it act as a shaving cream, a lotion, and a skin tonic all in one!

Enlist today with the followers of the Ingram tube! Or line up behind the popular old blue jar. Each has won millions of supporters. And each frees your cheek of the smarts and stings that make shaving a chore!

Try ten cool shaves at our expense. Just mail in the coupon. And treat your cheek and chin to the shave that's cool! Cool!  
**COOL!**

## INGRAM'S Shaving Cream IN TUBES OR JARS!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. E-62  
110 Washington St.  
New York, N. Y.  
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Copr. 1932, Bristol-Myers Co.

# Guard your EYES

**Don't** read with the light shining into your eyes.

**Don't** read when recovering from serious illness—without your Doctor's consent.

**Don't** read when lying down unless your head and shoulders are propped up and the page is held at right angles to your line of vision.

**Don't** use public towels and be careful about rubbing eyes with fingers. Dangerous infection may follow.

**Don't** hold your work or book nearer the eyes than 12 inches.

**Don't** fail to visit an eyesight specialist at the slightest sign of eye trouble.

**Don't** use eye-washes, ointments, salves or other remedies unless advised by an eyesight specialist.

**Don't** wear glasses not prescribed by an eyesight specialist.



© 1932 M. L. I. CO.

It is good fun, occasionally, to play "Blindman's Buff" with the young people. But it would be a tragedy to have permanently unseeing eyes.

ACCORDING to the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, it is estimated that 114,000 persons in the United States are blind, and that more than half of them need not have lost their sight.

Have you had your eyes examined within the past three years? You may be unduly straining them at this very moment. Only an eyesight specialist can tell you if it is wise to use your eyes in their present condition.

Whenever cases of severe, recurring headache, nervous exhaustion, hysteria, insomnia, giddiness or other similar conditions do not respond to medical treatment, the eyes should be carefully examined.

Defective vision will not improve with the passing of time. If neglected, or if the wrong treatment is given, disastrous results may follow. But a mere imperfection in vision is not the most serious thing that can happen to your eyes. There are damaging eye

diseases which, if untreated, eventually lead to blindness. For instance, glaucoma is one of the most insidious eye diseases. It can be present and yet give little indication, at first, of its threat to your sight. Recognized early, it lends itself favorably to treatment. It is, therefore, always advisable for a person more than 45 years old to have periodic examination of the eyes by an expert.

Don't take chances with your vision or with that of members of your family. Make sure that children's eyes are watched and protected. Thirty-five of the forty-eight States now have statutes providing for eye tests in schools.

Remember that it is always difficult to restore sight that has been seriously impaired. Safety lies in consulting an eyesight specialist regularly, even though one's eyes seem to be normal. The majority of defects can be rectified and the eyesight corrected so as to give satisfactory service.



## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.



JUNE

FORTY-NINTH YEAR

1932

● Drinking by women and by the young is not confined to New York.

EMILY POST

● It takes the patience of Job, the blindness of a bat and the suavity and optimism of a press agent to enable a woman to make a success of matrimony.

DOROTHY DIX

● I am still optimistic.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

● It would be a better idea to wipe out crime than to wipe out crime pictures.

ERNST LUBITSCH

● I'm sick and tired of all this talk about sophisticated revues.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

● I may be a very bad actress, but nobody acts like me.

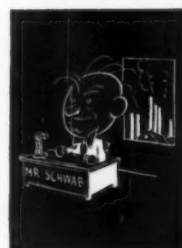
HOPE WILLIAMS

● The prohibition law is a strange thing.

EDWARD P. MULROONEY

● When twenty or thirty millions see what you write your sins and mistakes are sure to find you out.

ARTHUR BRISBANE



GREAT MINDS AT WORK



## How Mr. Smith Dropped the Hint

Being an Impartial Observation from Life's Bureau of Unbiased Research

*The scene is Alfred Emanuel Smith's private office on the 84th floor of the Empire State Building. Miss Markowitz, a confidential secretary, is pounding chattily on a typewriter. Mr. Smith is quietly reading "The Life and Times of Warren Gamaliel Harding" when a gaunt-looking man named Plint bursts into the room, a distraught office boy named O'Flaherty hanging onto his coat-tail.*

PLINT (breathless)—Mr. Smith, you'll have to do something about your tenants on the 77th floor. There hasn't been an elevator along in two weeks and our food is running low.

SMITH (quietly)—Well, my good man—I mean my good friend—and what do you suggest?

PLINT—Hire an elevator man!

SMITH (with withering scorn)—You dare to ask that? When you know we're losing money on the building as it is?

PLINT—I don't care! Something must be done. I must see my kiddies again before they reach high school age.

SMITH (coldly)—There is nothing I choose to do about it. Show him out, O'Flaherty.

PLINT—Very well. You'll regret this. (He starts out the door, turns and

shakes his fist.) All I hope is you run for President so I can have some excuse to vote for Hoover. (He leaves.)

SMITH (A great light dawning)—Did you hear what he said—run for President? (He bangs his fist down on the desk.) Why didn't I think of that myself! By Jimminy Christmas, I will run for President too. Miss Markowitz! Call up the papers right away. Tell them to send reporters over.

(Miss Markowitz phones editors of twenty papers.)

SMITH (severely)—Miss Markowitz, why didn't you suggest that to me yourself? What do you think I pay you for?

MISS MARKOWITZ—Why, Mr. Smith, I wouldn't have dreamt in a thousand years you would even have considered such a thing.

SMITH (musingly, after a long pause)—Miss Markowitz, how do you run for President?

MISS MARKOWITZ—Why I haven't the least idea. I guess you just sort of—

SMITH—You mean you just sort of sit around and wait for someone to say, "Al, do you want to run for President?"

MISS MARKOWITZ—Yes, I guess so.

SMITH (to reporters, entering)—Hello boys. This is a surprise. Have cigars? (To Herald Tribune reporter) Have a cigarette, young man? (To group) Have any trouble finding your way here?

TIMES REPORTER—None at all, Ex-Governor Smith. We came by way of the Akron and transferred to parachutes at the 242nd Floor.

SUN REPORTER (looking around room and out window)—Nice little building you've got here, Mr. Smith.

SMITH (blushing with embarrassment)—Aw, cut it out now. It's not anything really—just a few old stones we tossed together. The Chrysler Building is much better looking.

HERALD TRIBUNE REPORTER—And the Chrysler Building is much better rented, too, isn't it, Smith?

SMITH—Much better! And that's "proof of the pudding" as the feller says.

SUN REPORTER—Well, Mr. Smith, what's new?

SMITH—Nothing much. What's new with you?

SUN REPORTER—Nothing much. How's tricks?

SMITH—Pretty fair. And you?



BIG MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE BOY.

*The first time he is asked to do a book review.*





*"Watch Ambassador Snirtz go for the caviar."*



"That's funny—I thought I was tossing him out of the ring!"

SUN REPORTER—Pretty fair. (A long pause. No one can think of anything to say.)

SMITH—What's happening down around City Hall? I don't get downtown much any more.

WORLD-TELEGRAM REPORTER—Hadden't you heard? There's a fellow named Seabury—Sam Seabury—who's raising hell down there. Peeking into closets, cleaning out safes—They say he's looking for a fella named Tweed.

SMITH—Seabury? Seabury? Is he one of our boys?

HERALD TRIBUNE REPORTER—Come off it, Smith. Do you mean to say you haven't heard about Seabury?

SMITH (apologetically)—No, really, boys. I just spend all my time up here in my "solid ivory tower", as Shelley says—

HERALD TRIBUNE REPORTER (scornfully)—Shelley, hell! It was Gene Tunney. (Another long and embarrassing pause. Several reporters walk around the room humming.)

HERALD TRIBUNE REPORTER (im-

patiently)—Well, Smith, let's get down to brass tacks. What's it all about?

SMITH (at a loss for words)—Well, boys, I admit you took me by surprise, dropping in this way. However, I don't want to send you away empty-handed so I'll make a statement—but I'll do it in my own way. You know I always was a man of few words. Well, I'll make this statement without using any words at all. All right, Miss Markowitz! (Miss Markowitz rings a buzzer and three stenographers, the Misses O'Reilly, Epstein and Morissey, enter. The four girls form a single file behind Mr. Smith and place their hands on the shoulders of the one ahead, as in a snake dance. Then all five march around the room for a full minute. Mr. Smith turns and looks at them. They look at him languorously and hold out their hands to him. He runs from them and they pursue—around chairs and reporters, over desks. Suddenly, as though tiring, Mr. Smith turns and advances toward them, spar-

ring. Then all five bow to the reporters and rush from the room.)

REPORTERS (babbling together)—What in hell is eating him!—I guess age is beginning to tell!—Maybe the altitude has given him mountain sickness!

CORRESPONDENT FOR MANCHESTER (ENG.) GUARDIAN (excitedly)—Crickey, boys, I think I've got it! He is the leader of his party—get it? If his party wants him, he will run—he will make the fight!

REPORTERS—Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith! (Smith enters.) Is it true? Are you going to run for President?

SMITH—Boys, boys—how could you get such a preposterous idea? The thing is furthest from my thoughts (shrugging.) Although of course the good of the nation should be put above the wishes of any individual. But even if I did have such an announcement to make, this is not the place for it.

REPORTERS—But what is the place for it, Mr. Smith?

SMITH—That's telling. But I'll name you two other places that aren't the place for it. Grand Central Station. That's one.

REPORTERS—Go on! Go on! What's the other.

SMITH—The First Methodist Church of Biloxi, Mississippi.

(Curtain)

—Frederick O. Anderson.

Unfortunately political machines are not labor-saving devices.

One big mistake almost every Presidential candidate makes is in having a photograph taken at the age of nine.

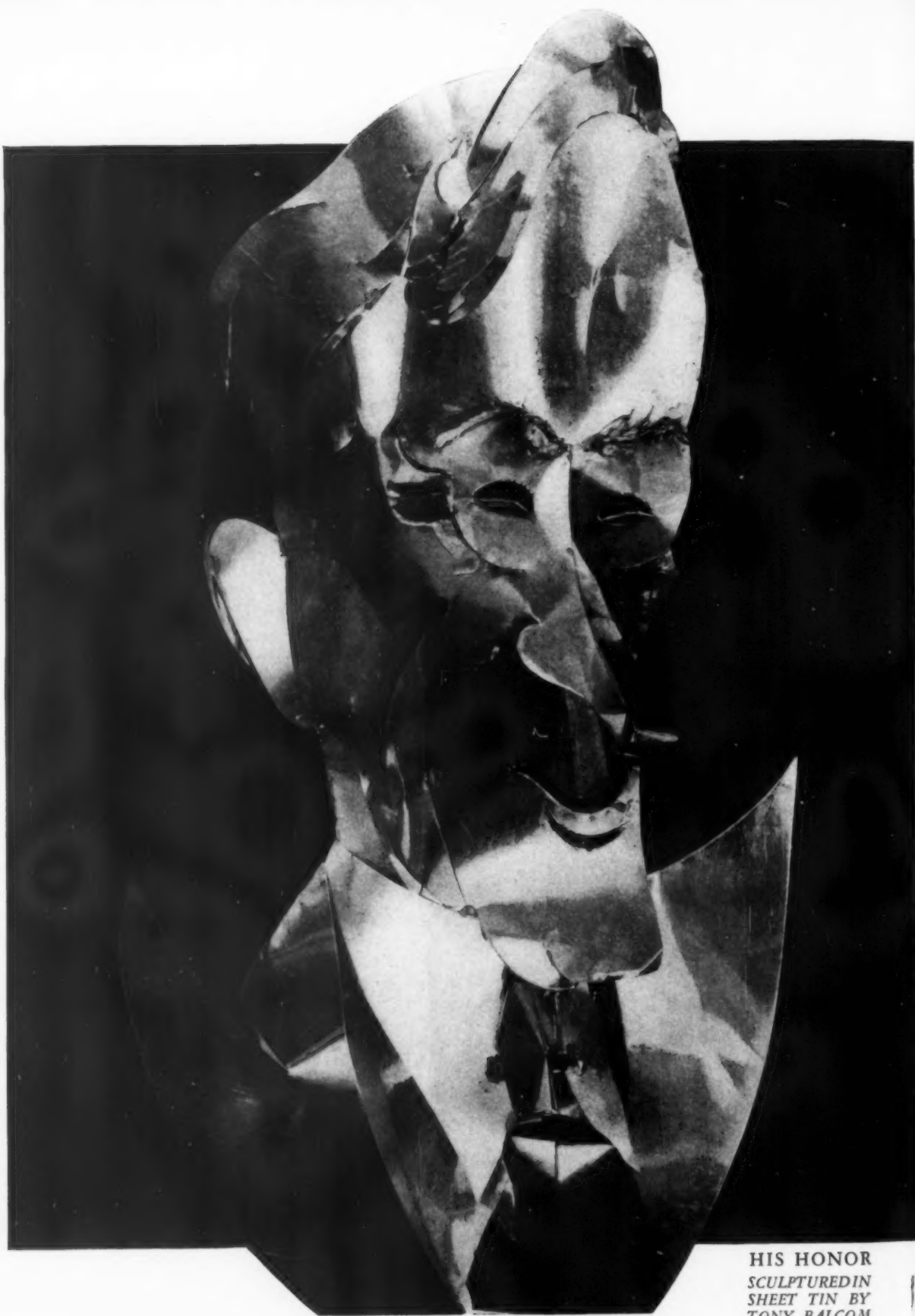
Repeal of prohibition would be a blow to manufacturing. Fifty million brands of beer alone would be discontinued.

The first of the conventions to select a Presidential candidate opens June 14. It seems a bit late to choose a Queen of the Maybe.



*"I'd suggest you take the Rembrandt at 69 cents."*





HIS HONOR  
SCULPTURED IN  
SHEET TIN BY  
TONY BALCOM



## JAMES JOSEPH WALKER

JAMES Joseph Walker is a Commander of the French Legion of Honor, Commendatore of the Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus of Italy, Commander of the Order of Ysabella La Catolica of Spain and of the Star of Rumania, Honorary Member of the Miami Fife and Drum Corps, and Chief A-Ka-Ki-To-Pip of the Blackfeet Indians. The Blackfeet told him that meant Many Rider.

But it is as Mayor of the City of New York that he rises at ten o'clock these mornings. A valet is at hand but he shaves himself, and he has learned by experience that there is at least one good cut in every safety razor blade. For years his breakfast consisted principally of a can of tomatoes.

Clothing offers no problem unless it be to decide which of the 75 or more suits hanging in the closets, and costing an average of \$165 each, will be the dress of the day. Just how many more than 75 suits are available, Jeann Friedman, the Mayor's tailor with a shop near the Ritz, cannot be sure, for the Mayor thinks nothing of giving them away.

But every suit on hand will be sharply pressed, for the same pair of trousers is not worn twice without the attention of a tailor. The coats and vests have their own little distinctions too, as befitting the robes of public office. If my vests have six button-holes, the Mayor's will have seven. If my sleeves have three ornamental buttons, his will have four. This involves no extra labor for the wearer, however, for the Mayor, in a four-button sack coat, will not button the bottom button.

His shoes, too, have their little badges of honor; if nothing else, price tags showing that some cost \$45 a pair. Enough of clothes, however, for a man must work.

It was reported once, during the badinage of a political campaign, that some one was tapping the telephone wires leading into the Mayor's office in City Hall. The insurgent Fiorello H. La Guardia, Republican Representative

who was gazing fondly at the time upon the office, remarked that that was the last place a knowing person would expect to learn what was going on in the city.

But that is neither here nor there, for the Mayor does go to his office. He appears regularly at City Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of each week. Mondays and Saturdays he may go down town but he would prefer to be at the Larchmont estate of A. C. Blumenthal, the real estate man who married Peggy Fears of the Follies.

The corridors of City Hall swarm with job-seekers, semi-professional civic reformers and political majors and minors, and the Mayor, by preference, would work away from them in his uptown apartment in the Mayfair. He moved out of his old home at 6 St. Luke's place, on the fringe of Greenwich Village, to get away from them but he has not escaped them yet. Each morning, however, he tries once more to be an artful dodger. He learned early in office that the appearance of his automobile in front of City Hall was the signal for the drove of hangers-on to gather in the corridor leading to his suite, intent upon accosting him as he entered.

So now, with his cousin, school-mate, college-mate, secretary and constant companion in one, George Collins, he leaves his limousine at the corner of Chambers and Lafayette streets, at the North end of City Hall Park. They walk briskly past the formal garden plots that dot the park, enter City Hall by a basement entrance, ascend a back flight of stairs, and sprint into the comparative seclusion of the official chambers. It is only a partially effective procedure. Closer friends and associates now wait for the Mayor in

the park or at the basement door.

Arriving at City Hall at eleven o'clock, noon, or later, the Mayor will remain there until six-thirty or seven o'clock in the evening, with an interval out for luncheon which generally is taken at the Hardware Club, at 233 Broadway, across the street from City Hall Park.

Once in his office, he is protected from intrusion by a large and experienced staff of buffers, assistants and secretaries. When it is necessary for him to go about the hall, to a meeting or conference, he moves with a mad rush that is designed to permit no interception. For interference on these runs through a closed field he has Police Captain Thomas O'Connor. O'Connor is a second more or less constant companion of the Mayor, and is Buffer in Chief of the official suite. It is he who shunts off the greater part

of the host that would see the Mayor, and now and again, possibly, some one the Mayor would see.

There was, among these latter, the titled official from Scotland Yard, who had entertained Walker in London, and who, late in the afternoon of his first day of a visit to this land, decided to pay a courtesy call. He strode into City Hall in English walking boots,

wearing a rain coat and an old brown hat. The garb did not impress the police captain.

Without identifying himself, the visitor reported he merely had dropped in to pay his respects. The Mayor, he was told, was "not in." That was sufficient. The stranger drew a card describing himself in full dignity and title, handed it to the policeman and said he would call again. O'Connor checked any impulse he might have had to salute as he glanced at the card.



But he shivered in most unpolicemanly fashion until the visitor had gone, for the Mayor had been due to emerge from his office at any moment, starting on his way home.

In the late afternoon Walker meets reporters. He speaks frankly, but not freely, about the topics and events of the day. Newspapers could blast him with political dynamite if they should publish what is said at these conferences. But, more often than not, what emerges in print in the next morning's newspapers is a harmless mixture.

Reporters are gagged effectively by having touchy questions answered "off the record." Pertinent, or perhaps impertinent, questions are discouraged by one of the assistants or secretaries who attend the gatherings. For that matter most of the reporters who are assigned to City Hall are under the Walker spell, and create no embarrassing moments.

From City Hall the Mayor will go to his apartment or to a cocktail party. The desire for speed that he displays under other circumstances does not extend to these trips around town. Those siren-sounding motorcycle escorts, who

regard elevated pillars as just so many needles to thread with automobile processions at 50 miles an hour, frighten the Mayor almost as much as they do the pedestrians and motorists who scurry out of the way.

At home the Mayor will entertain Tony Biddle, Jr., George Gershwin, the composer; Dudley Field Malone, the lawyer; and whoever is in town from Hollywood this day.

At a party somewhere else the Mayor will sip a cocktail or two (seldom more these days) and, if possible, slip away in time for dinner in his own house. As a rule he will eat at home, even if he is supposed to be guest of honor at a banquet somewhere about town. He prefers to time his arrival at such assemblies, choosing for his appearance that indulgent moment when the guests, plied with food and drink, are leaning back comfortably on their perfectos, kindly disposed toward after-dinner mints and speakers.

He is in constant demand as a dinner guest at the homes of the socially prominent, or the seekers of social prominence, but he avoids these meetings with a plea of business or a headache and

then goes off to have corned beef and cabbage with Jimmy Johnston, the prize fight manager.

In the evening he will be found, an intent spectator, with Bernard Gimbel at the ringside of the fights in Madison Square Garden, or introducing Pola Negri from the stage at the opening night of her new picture at the Winter Garden Theatre, or escorting one of the glamorous Bennett Sisters of Hollywood, if one is in town, or Billie Dove to the Central Park Casino. But lately, when engagements permit, he has been going to bed at ten o'clock. Remembering the shock he gave New Yorkers when he announced a few years ago that he was "on the wagon," he has kept his early retiring a secret.

Early to bed is said to make a man healthy, among other things, and the Mayor is worried about his well-being. Born on June 19, in 1881, he has reached an age where, as he says, he no longer celebrates his birthdays—he observes them. But his age is not his real concern. When a rough filling on the side of a tooth caused a slight abrasion on his cheek, he fretted for two years before he went to a dentist and found out that he was not running down.

Walker is what Mr. Milne might describe as a "never-never" man. He never reads a letter. He never reads a book through to the end. He never prepares a speech, waiting to take his cue from his audience. And he never, at least hardly ever, forgets a name.

Walker has been part of Broadway for nearly thirty years, since the day he graduated from college to attach himself to the office of the Feist Music Company to write "Will You Love Me in December as You Did in May?" and a dozen other ballads. He is a better song writer than he is credited in common belief, even though it once was remarked at a gathering in the Friars Club that the good people of New York had chosen him as their chief executive to put an end to his lyrical outbursts.

It is knowledge pretty well confined so far to the few producers concerned, but even while he has been Mayor he has been called in at the last moment to do a bit of expert tinkering with the lines and lyrics of musical shows about to be bowed in to Broadway.

Few of his friends know that it was while working on one—a musical show



AMBITIOUS TRUMPETER:  
*I hope Whiteman answers  
the phone personally!*

in the final stages of rehearsal that he met the girl who became his wife. Late one night he dropped into Pabst's Circle, near the uptown theatre where rehearsals were being held, for a bite to eat. The place was virtually unpatronized except for a slim, attractive girl who was crying quietly at a table in a corner. Walker's ever ready sympathy was aroused and, on a second glance, he recognized her as a performer whose part had been cut out of the show that evening. He did not remember her name, but he endeavored to comfort her, promising to do what he could to put her part back in the show. He could not do that but he could meet her again, and again, until presently she became Mrs. Walker.

There are two sides to every question, a remark that, in a hedging way, brings us to the question of Mayor Walker's lateness, a question brought up in these columns only because the Mayor insists he never has been late for any appointment that has been made for a specific hour. In truth, he thinks, it is a fable that started back in Albany, when he was a State Senator. Those were the days, he explains, when he would speak at as many as three banquets in one night and, it being impossible to be in three places at once, he necessarily would appear tardily at two of the gatherings. But, it should be added, he always informed the arrangements committees that he would be late.

An anecdote that Walker tells carries the point, without any political implication, that the Mayor can be His Honor among suspected thieves. Walking home late one night from the Greenwich Village apartment of a friend, Walker, in a heavy fur coat, made an attractive object for any footpad that might be in the neighborhood—a fact that he realized when, as he hustled through a particularly dark block, an automobile with several unruly appearing young men took up a trailing position a few feet away. It was a moment when the next step was one to be considered with forethought but he had no time to come to any decision before the strangers took matters into their own hands, drew along the curb at his side, and scolded:

"Say, Jimmie, you shouldn't walk around like this. Some guy might—"

Walker, trembling in his relief, was escorted by the car to his home.



"Goodness!"

As a traveller, Walker would like again to visit Berlin, Paris, Dublin and London, but his trips now are taken for rest. When he goes to Hot Springs he will walk around and let some one else play the golf. When he goes to Palm Springs, on the Pacific Coast, it is to sit, clad only in pajama bottoms, in the sun that beats down on Samuel Untermyer's estate, with a sheet handy for the contingency of callers.

He gets little exercise. Frail as he is, he played football for St. Francis Xavier College in the days when most

teams were composed of bruisers. He boxed excellently and played baseball. Now his physical recreation consists largely of playing the piano, and he does it with the skill of a professional, of dancing—and dancing excellently—at the weekly assembly of the Mayfair and Pierrette, of playing poker, of shovelling out the first spadeful of dirt from a new building site, and of tossing out the season's first baseball. But, as he might add:

"I am a great Walker."

—John Harkins.



## The March of the Delegates

Toot it on the piccolo,  
Beat it on the drum,  
With solemn mien  
Upon the scene

The Delegates now come!  
For each of these United States  
Has sent sagacious Delegates  
To pick the one and only gent  
Who's fit to be the president.

*Rum! Tum! Tum!*

*They Come! Come! Come!*  
Friends of Al, friends of Cal,  
Each a politician's pal.  
Some to curb hopeful Herb,  
Some to speak the Hoover blurb,  
Some who traveled for the trip,  
Some who sip a little nip  
From a bottle on the hip—

*Rab! Rab! Rab!*

*Blab! Blab! Blab!*

Some are dry and some are drier;  
Some are sly and others slyer;  
Some are mum and many mummer;  
Some are dumb but most are dumber!  
Every one, you're sure to find,  
Has his little axe to grind:

*Rum, Rum, Rum*

For Some, Some, Some!  
Jobs, Jobs, Jobs  
For Mobs, Mobs, Mobs!

"These Repubs," the Dems declare,  
"Wrecked our land that once was fair."

"Votes for Dems," Repubs agree,  
"Lead to sad calamity."

Cats and dogs, dogs and cats  
Have much milder private spats  
Than Repubs and Democrats!

Go, Depression—get ye hence,  
Hop ye over yonder fence!

Milk and honey for our land  
Will abound on every hand.

Dinner pails will soon display  
Truffles, sweetbreads and filet.

All our purses, all our tills  
Soon will teem with green-backed bills.

Flee, ye Furies! Scram, ye Fates—  
Can't you see the Delegates?

Play it on your radio,

Buy a uke to strum.

The wolf-at-door

Has lost the war,

So weep no more,

Good people, for

The Delegates now come!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

## Life Lines

"There are," we read, "more than 4,000,000 radios in Germany." It must drive them crazy keeping beer stains off the tops of so many.

One improvement in the 1932 autos is that some of them have compartments in the instrument board in which to forget to put things.

"After three years, everything is beginning to wear out and must be replaced," writes an economist. What about blue serge suits?

Thirty million pairs of frog legs are consumed in New York City each year, but even so, thousands of people are still too slow to find seats on the subway.

"The public," says President Chase, of the University of Illinois, "believes Congress can perform magic." Well, the idea comes from seeing Congressmen get so many things out of their hats.

There are many suggestions to prevent hoarding but the most likely one is to rub our money with garlic.

A proposed ten per cent tax on electricity used in the home has been reduced to seven per cent. This is what is known in Washington as saving the taxpayer money.

We know why there are so many pins in a shirt when the laundry returns it. They are put there to keep the shirt from falling apart.

A conservative estimate is that the mud slung during a political campaign gathered together makes a number of mountains out of mole hills.

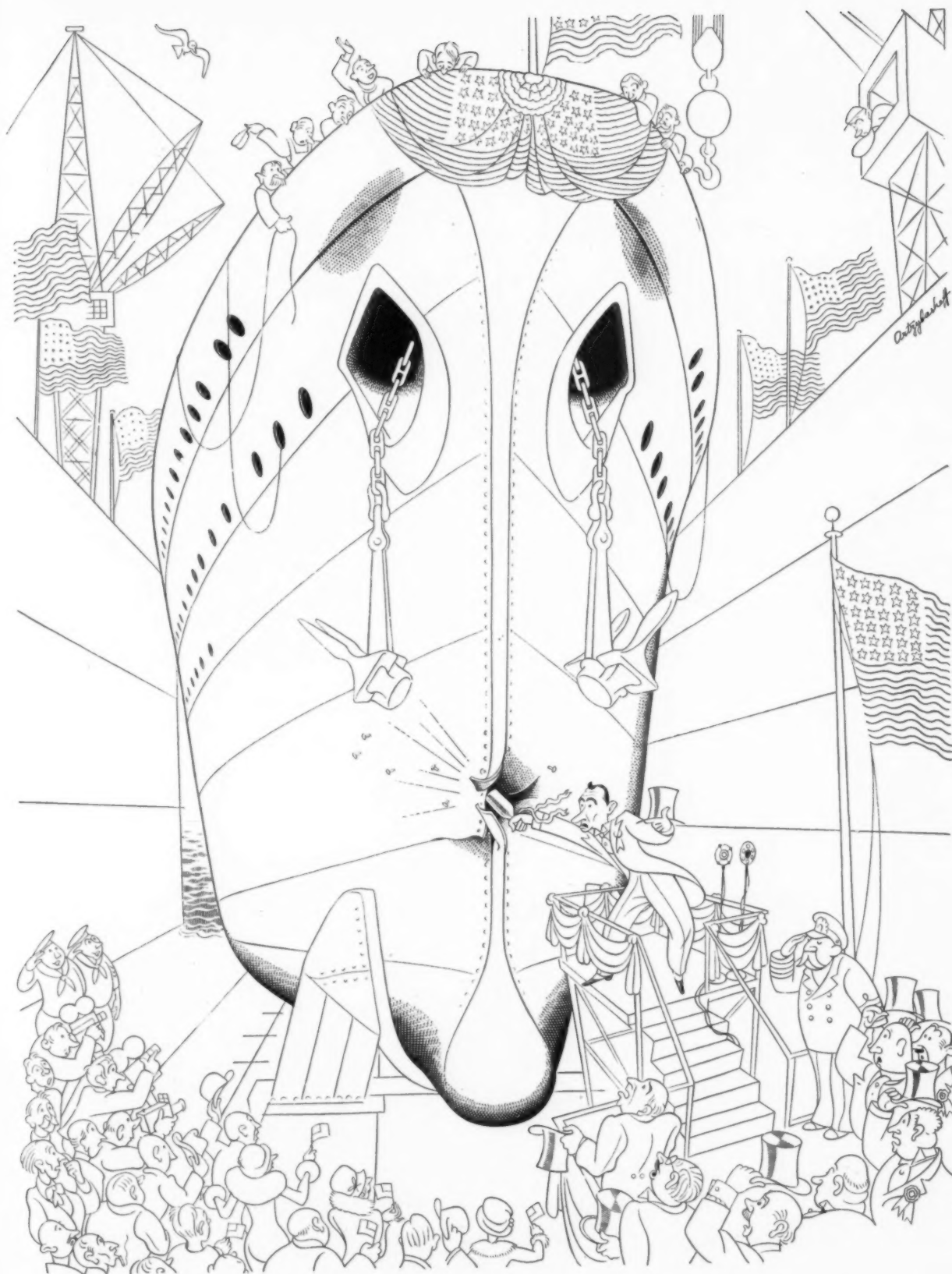
The sandwiches served at most bridge parties are about as satisfying as drinking beer with a spoon.

Then there was the pug whose seconds called him the "Iron Man" because it was such a hard job lifting him from the canvas.



"I knew you wouldn't understand the game, but you insisted upon coming."





THE CHRISTENING AND THE UNBREAKABLE BOTTLE.



## MRS. PEP'S DIARY

By Baird Leonard

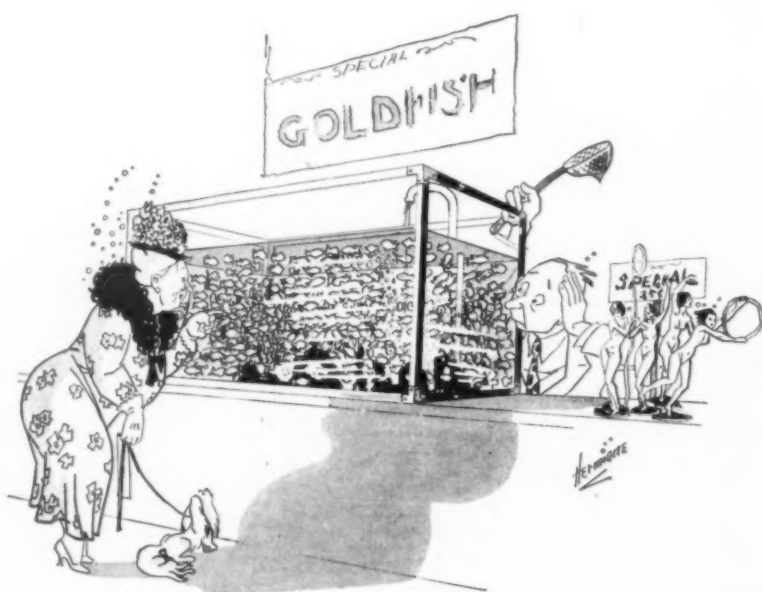
**A**PRIL 26.—Lay late, pondering this and that, such as whether or not the rattling of newspapers will really frighten a burglar and how great a misfortune it would be to be stopped by an inquiring photographer when not wearing one's most becoming hat, a circumstance which befell my hairdresser, Emilie Fougeront, only the other day. Then discoursing with Sam on the bright spring weather, and he confided to me that the arrival of shad roe meant more in his life than the time of the singing of birds. He did lend me the briquet, too, which Dutch Bonfoey brought him from London, one of my life's ambitions being to achieve a light with a single dexterous gesture, but methinks I shall be thwarted therein, having so great a fear of both fire and machinery. A letter from my mother by the first post asking if I can use an ermine collar which she is removing from one of her wraps, and I do mean to reply in the affirmative, even though I turn out to look like the chorus of peers in "Iolanthe," albeit I dare say my parent has had the spots exorcised in accordance with modern fashion. In this connection I shall never forget C. Percy's story of the woman who complained to her tailor because the summer ermine collar on her coat did not turn white when the first snow flew. Lunched alone at home on one of my favorite menus, tinned corn beef, for which my liking dates from childhood and shocks the civilized gentry, and endive with Roquefort dressing, and then out to buy some curtain stuff and an ice-cream freezer, wondering the while how professional humorists attribute to women a love of shopping, which is really a ghastly experience. Marge Boothby and Bib Truxton to dinner, during the course of which I did re-

mark that I am not yet ever quite certain of the difference between "ingenuous" and "ingenious" without stopping to think, which did set Sam into such a gale that I should not have been astonished had he slapped his thighs, but he did finish off by remarking that nothing is equal to the humor of life itself, not even bothering to give H. L. Mencken an assist.

**A**PRIL 28.—My husband, poor wretch, ill of a headache from a bachelor dinner which he did attend last night but not so far gone that he could not recount to me the livelier episodes of the affair, an ability which I do consider one of his most satisfactory characteristics as a spouse, and his mother does tell me that even as a child, when his contemporaries would stand dumb under interrogation as to what had gone forward at any given function, Sam would remember what he had been given to eat and what clothing various people had worn, which, getting down to fundamentals, is what almost every woman wants to know. So I did dose him with remedies appropriate for his malady and commend him to stop the day at home, advice which he accepted with childish enthusiasm, in especial when I assured him that I would make a bad throat sound convincing to his partners over the telephone, nor did my Good-Samaritanism go unrewarded, neither,

for when he did hear me discussing with my sempstress whether I should indulge in a new evening wrap for summer or make out with Spanish shawls, as usual, he did bawl from his couch of pain that I must have the new garment, by all means, adding, to take the edge from his softheartedness, that he did not choose to spend any more of his life untangling shawl fringe from automobile doors and theater chairs.

**A**PRIL 30.—The Bannings for dinner, and I did serve with the salad some of the fine old ham sent me the other day by my Aunt Sally. And Edith did tell how she telephoned her mother in London as a birthday present to the latter, and how neither could say anything save, "Well, darling, how are you?" and giggle, and as the operator did not cut in with a warning, the charge was one hundred and thirty-five dollars, so that now E. wishes she had sent her parent a fur tippet, or something of similar reminiscent durability. Then playing at comparisons, and Sam vouchsafed that first looking into Chapman's Homer and first being confronted with a dish of plover's eggs differed only in kind and not at all in degree, and after our guests had gone, he besought me to listen to the plot of a play he had suddenly thought up, whereupon I put in a tedious half-hour surreptitiously locking up the Scotch, and so, very weary, to bed.



"This one, please."



"Nobody leaves this house 'til we find out who did it!"



## The Gentle Art of Spending Other People's Money

**P**OLITICIANS may be lovely bedfellows, but we entertain serious doubts that we can continue to support them in the lavish style to which they are accustomed.

The cost of government, whether you think it good, bad or indifferent, has ascended to a stratosphere where the taxpayer is gasping for breath. Back in 1890, which may have been the good old days but certainly were not expensive, the aggregate cost of Federal, State and local government for one year was \$855,000,000. In the last fiscal year the Federal Government alone has collected \$4,220,000,000, spent it all, and ended up with a deficit roughly estimated at \$2,123,000,000. One Senator lately told his brethren that Washington is spending \$7,788,000 a day more than its income.

The Constitution, a piece of literature once widely read in these United States, gave Congress the power to collect taxes for the "common Defence and general Welfare" of the nation. Back in 1800, when that document was more than a memory, the Federal government had 54 employees. Today, the Post Office department alone has 316,000 workers (and incurs a deficit of \$145,643,613). The entire government payroll carries 734,761 names. Again in 1800, when the seat of government was lifted from Philadelphia and plumped down in the mud of Washington, it required seven large boxes and five small ones to transport its books and records. Last year the government spent \$20,000,000 for leaflets and pamphlets alone.

**T**HE Department of Agriculture requires an 81-page booklet merely to list its available publications. In the line of "General Welfare," or perhaps of "Common Defence," it has pamphlets on "The Love Adventures of an American Bullfrog," "Where Sheets Wear Out," "Reindeer Recipes," "Lamb as You Like It," "The Self-Help Bib," "Bringing Up Bobby," "Principles of Window Curtaining," "Scorecards for Judging Clothes," "Telephone Book Trouble," "How to Make a Cat Trap," "Honey and Its Uses in the Home," "Our Migrant Shorebirds in South America," "The Habits and Economic Importance of Alligators," and "Canal Boat Children."\* There are only 353 canal boat children in the land, but there is a 21-

\*These are actual booklets printed at governmental expense.

page booklet on how to care for them. In 1900, the average per capita tax upon the American citizen was \$9.25. Last year it was \$40 a head. Next year, it probably will be just your head. For Congress, in "balancing" the budget, has shown a determination to blow the pocketbook up to meet the bill instead of reducing the budget to fit the purse.

**C**ONGRESS, it seems, is determined that we shall eradicate the Mediterranean fruit fly and chase that old debbil pink ball worm, at estimated costs of \$8,000,000 and \$589,000 respectively. We must spend \$500,000,000 buying wheat and cotton from farmers whom all those agricultural bulletins told to raise something else, we must investigate chemistry, soils, animals, dairies, floods, droughts, road management, prohibition enforcement, house economics and Russian thistles, and send Congressmen on junkets to the Everglades. And we must not forget the corn borer. We must pile on millions to the \$18,000,000 the government already has spent in the search

of that elephantine terror which no scientist, in all these years of research, ever has seen.

Politicians may be lovely bedfellows, but we entertain serious doubts that we can continue to support them in the lavish style to which they are accustomed.





PRINCIPLE  
OF  
WINDOW  
STAINING

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THIS LITTLE PIG GETS ROAST BEEF—



"Come on, now; how about my sun bath?"

## JUST YOUTHFUL CURIOSITY

*Coach Leader pulls drowning man out of water while Yale oarsmen stand around and ask him (the drowning man of course) questions—Newspaper Item.*

Discovered: Icy water, a drowning man, and a dock on which are eight Yale oarsmen and one coxswain.

*Drowning Man:* Help!!!

*The Number Three Oar:* You mean you don't want to stay in the water any more?

*Drowning Man:* HELP!!

*The Stroke:* Say, you didn't go to Harvard, did you?

*Drowning Man:* Help!

*Number Five:* He looks like a Harvard man. He looks a lot like a Harvard man.

*The Coxswain:* That's right. He does. Oh boy, he might be a relative of Barry Wood!

*Number Five:* Relative! He might be Barry Wood. Hot diggety dog! Let's ask him!

*Number Five:* Hey, you! Are you Barry Wood?

*Drowning Man:* help.

*The Bow:* He isn't Barry Wood. Barry Wood's a good swimmer. Barry Wood can do everything.

*Number Three:* Betcha he can't swim as well as Albie Booth.

*The Bow:* I'll betcha. I'll betcha a dollar.

*Number Three:* It's on. The bird in the water settles it. Hey, you in the water—who can swim better, Barry Wood or Albie Booth?

*Drowning Man:* Gurg.

*The Bow:* He said Wood! I told you so!

*Number Three:* The hell he did! He said Booth.

*Number Seven (who is Captain):* I think we better ask him again. He doesn't speak very distinctly. Hey! Did you say Booth or Wood?

*Drowning Man:* Uuuuuuugh.

*Number Two:* Personally, I don't think he knows or cares. I don't think he's a Harvard man anyhow.

*The Coxswain:* Well, he's beginning to look like a Harvard man!

*Number Three:* Ha ha! It takes the old coxy to come across with one like that. You ought to send that one in to a magazine. You could sell that—

maybe.

*The Bow:* Very good—but that reminds me. Supposing he really were drowning? Don't you think we ought to find out?

*The Captain (Taking the bull by the horns):* Are you a Harvard man—No, no. I mean are you drowning?

*Drowning Man:* G-g-g-g-g.

*The Coxswain:* He's a taciturn fellow all right. Maybe a riddle would make him come around. I've saved more than one dinner party with a timely riddle.

*Number Two (Who is the best riddler on the crew, and only a sophomore at that):* Hey! Psst!—You! Why was Lady Godiva the greatest gambler of all time?

*Number Six:* Aaah. That's stale. He probably heard that the last time he was in the water.—And it's a little off-color anyhow.

*Number Two:* 'Tis not! Nobody would get embarrassed by that—not nowadays, anyhow. I've told it in the cleanest kind of mixed company. Hey! Al! Gus! Joe—whatever your name is! Do you give up?

*The Drowning Man:* ooooo.

*Number Four:* Here comes Coach Leader, boys. Duck the cigarettes.

(Enter Coach Leader with a life preserver. He throws it to the drowning man who grabs it feebly, and is drawn ashore. There is a long silence.)

*The Coxswain:* It must be twenty minutes after.

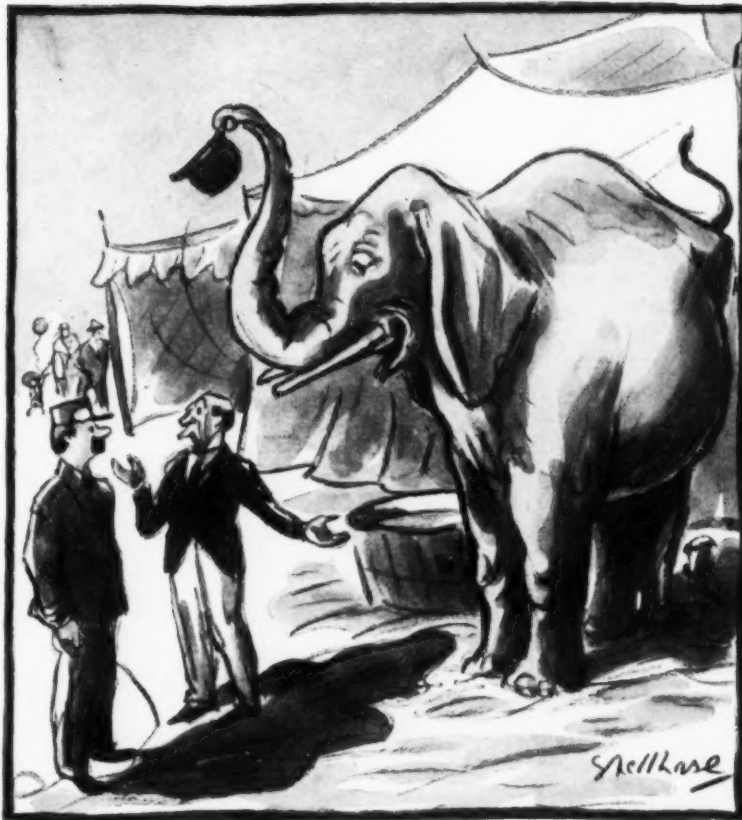
*The Bow:* Well, let's ask the fellow.  
—Parke Cummings.

### Summer Song

I rise at dawn  
To seed my lawn  
With dearest, choicest clover.  
I work all spring;  
And everything  
Is fertilized all over.

But summer brings  
Up other things—  
Not sown by hand of mine.  
Can someone tell  
Just why in hell  
It comes up dandelion?

—R. H.



"I don't care whether he remembers me or not—  
I never saw him before!"

## BE AN EXPERT

Make Big Money! Learn Baseball Writing! Here is How!

**M**R. UPSET A. BUKETT, famous sports writer for the New Yawn *Evening Scram*, and author of "Playing Safe With Bukett," reveals the secret of his success. Fill in the form below. You don't know anything about pre-season dope? Well, what of it. Do the experts?

The——baseball warriors, who last year finished——in the——League race are working hard here in——, preparing for the long pen-nant-chasing grind. Veterans and recruits alike are being put through a stiff daily drill by old (or young but seasoned)——, manager, who is beginning his——year at the helm.

Selecting a reliable hurling crew will be Manager——'s toughest task. He will have——, the speed-ball artist, of course, and if lanky (or fat, short, tall, big)——, who garnered——scalps during the 1931 campaign can work his sore whip into shape, Manager——should not lose much sleep (or weight).

Old Reliable (or Dead-Eye)——, who tacked up a grand total of——hits last season, is back in fine condition. He confidently predicts that his record will be even better this year, since his teeth have been extracted (or since he has cut down on chewing tobacco; or since he worked off excess weight chopping wood on his father's farm). So your scribe advises you to keep an eye on this lad (or youngster; or mauler). When——'s stick (or log; or maple; or hickory) connects with the pill (or apple; or spheroid; or horsehide; or [archaic] ball), it usually goes for one long, long ride (or journey; or excursion; or etc., etc).

"I can't make any predictions as yet," Manager——advised your scribe (or your correspondent, your diagnoser, your humble servant). "Things look promising (or good, fair, bright, encouraging), however," he continued. "Watch the——land up in the first division at least when the season ends."

—Elmer W. Dingeldey.



## An Alumnus Letter to End All Alumni Letters

The Alumni Association  
Sawbuck College.

Dear Alumni Association:

I RECEIVED your interesting letter today, and I certainly agree with you that this is the time of year when the thoughts of every loyal Sawbuck man (even those who, like the writer, were booted out in their freshman year) turn inevitably to those carefree, golden days and priceless associations which have meant so much to you and me. Yes, I was certainly glad to hear you say that.

And now that you mention it, I certainly *do* remember the time when several daring members of the class of umpty-ump sneaked into prexy's bedroom, sawed off his beard, and glued it to the face of his two-year-old daughter without waking either of them. At least, I've heard the story told so many times, and with such a number of variations, that I'm sure it must have happened. Also, as you suggest, I clearly recall the time a bevy of scholars pried the French prof's door from its hinges, copied the final exam, and put the door back again, all in nine minutes; I also seem to remember that the prof suddenly switched exams at the last minute and caught everybody cold. What a lark, eh? Dear me—those

were the good old days, weren't they?

Glancing further through your letter, I note with interest that the chapel needs a new nave; that the gym needs a larger basketball court; that the baseball field simply cannot go another season without a new grandstand; and that the North Dormitory, the infirmary, the dining-hall, the profs' houses, the astronomy observatory, and the campus elm trees all need something or other. I believe you mentioned the details in your letter but the only one I remember at the moment is that the dining-hall needs a new cook—which is certainly no news to me. Of course, I have not the slightest doubt that you are telling the truth when you say that the college must collect enough money to meet all the above improvements, so necessary to the continuance of the old Sawbuck Traditions.

Through my tears I can just see the poor old chapel struggling along with an out-of-date nave—the noble Sawbuck athletes playing with grim but plucky smiles in that rickety old basketball court—the palsied old cook optimistically preparing the lamb, beef, pork, and veal together in the same

old burnt-out pan he used twenty years ago—the—but stop! I just can't go on; it's breaking my heart.

And because I know so well how you must feel, I hesitate to burden you further along that line. I would conclude this letter right now, without bringing my own selfish interests into it, were it not for the fact that you emphasized so heartily that the good old Sawbuck alumni must always stick together, as they did in the good old college days. So, not to be a traitor to the old all-for-one-and-one-for-all Sawbuck Spirit, I'll put before you a few facts which will be of vital concern to you, as sympathetic Sawbuck alumni:

In the first place—you remember my fine old Steinway piano—you know, the one the Sawbuck alumni always use to play the old college tunes with one finger when they come down to New York for a week-end? Well, in some mysterious fashion, the poor old thing has suddenly become very much out of tune; in fact, three or four of the keys seem to have been somehow broken. Nothing serious, you understand—just a little item of seventy-five or eighty dollars to put it in shape again, the repairer informs me. Then there's that little matter of the wallpaper. Of course, now that it's happened, I realize that I should have been thoughtful enough to have placed a pad of paper by the telephone for the benefit of Sawbuck alumni and undergrads who have to scribble down girls' names and phone numbers in a hurry.

And, of course, it was very careless of me not to have bought a few dozen more ash-trays before entertaining the Sawbuck lads the other night. I'll remember that next time, I'm sure; it's surprising how much it costs to refinish a few mahogany tables these days. I forget the exact figure, but it was something like one hundred and fifty dollars. Perhaps I shouldn't even mention the few remaining picayune items—the demolition of the beautiful old lace table-cloth that's been in my family for generations, the strange markings which suddenly appeared on my old silver chafing-dish, or the mysterious forty-five-minute phone-call to San Francisco. Curious coincidence, isn't it—I mean, that I don't know anyone in San Francisco?

But why should I go into this further? Surely you, dear alumni association, being composed of thousands of



"No, Mr. Botts isn't in yet—he hasn't been in yesterday yet."

MEMORIAL PANES—NO. 2



DESIGNED (BUT NOT EXECUTED) FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY

individuals like myself, are in an infinitely sadder position than I can claim to be. In fact, as I say, were it not for your touching remarks on the good old Sawbuck stick-together-and-share-your-woes spirit, I would have saved this story for the ears of the bankruptcy clerk alone.

And, by the way—speaking of the old Sawbuck Spirit—if you should happen to run into Bob Macy, who, I see, is down as an officer of the Sawbuck Alumni Association Executive Committee, you might show him this letter and gently remind him that the three hundred I loaned him to go to Hollywood the night of his premature graduation would go a long way toward mellowing the bonds of my Good Old Sawbuck Memories.

Fraternally yours,  
jim Niles.

### Aptitude Test for After Dinner Speakers

*(To be administered in small doses to non-stop talkers. Especially effective during conventions.)*

1. What is your definition of a bore? Give three vivid adjectives describing what you see every morning as you shave.
2. Are you really interested in what you are talking about? You must be; you've told about it three times.
3. Make a complete outline of all the dull subjects you can think of off-hand. Discuss each for thirty minutes, then start over.
4. What is your reaction to a yawning listener? Did it ever occur to you that *he* might want to tell about *his* success?
5. Did you ever own a stop watch? You really should get one; it would

be rather nice to have something that stops.

6. What was that last thing you were talking about? I wasn't listening.

7. Who is your dentist, the lucky man?

8. Describe in detail your first trip abroad.

9. Describe in detail your second trip abroad.

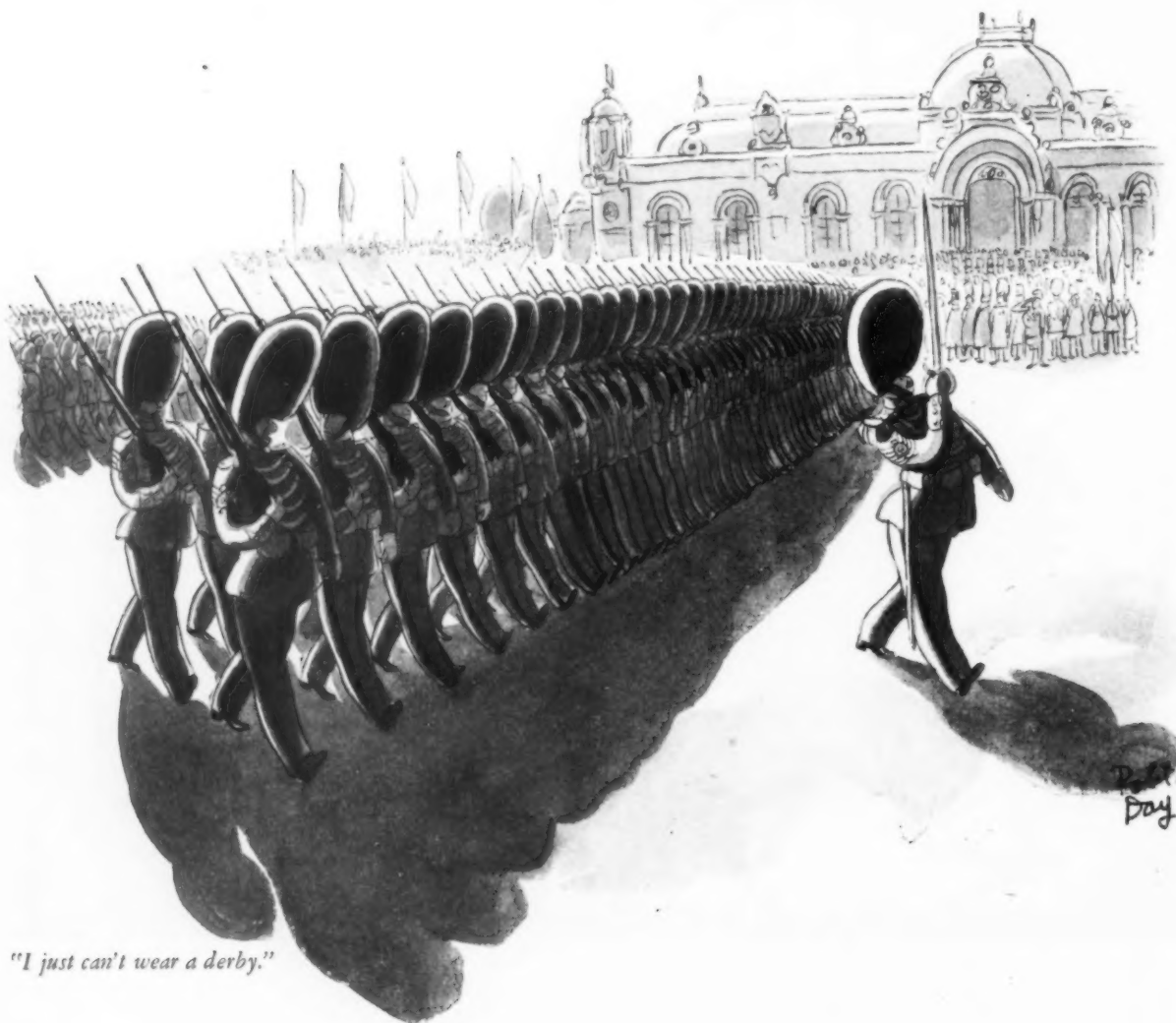
10. Did your wife ever threaten to divorce you? Think carefully about this. How did you get a wife, anyway?

11. How many words do you put out in an hour? How many friends do you put out in a day?

12. What would you do if somebody walked out on you? What would you do if everybody walked out on you?

13. Do you enjoy traveling? Let's see you.

—Kaybee.



"I just can't wear a derby."





"Hoover laughed!"

## Chantey of Notorious Bibbers

Oh, Homer was a vinous Greek who loved the flowing bottle;  
Herodotus a thirsty cuss, and so was Aristotle.

Sing ho! that archipelago where mighty Attic thinkers

Invoked the grape to keep in shape and lampooned water drinkers.

King Richard fought the heathen Turk along with his Crusaders,  
On wobbly legs they tiptoed kegs and hated lemonaders.

Sing ho! that gallant English king, sing ho, his merry yeomen,

Who felt the need of potent mead to make them better bowmen.

Bill Shakespeare loved to dip his pen in Mermaid Inn canary,

And Bobby B. was boiled when he indited "Highland Mary."

Sing ho, the buxom barmaid muse who did her work on brandy,

She now eschews such vulgar brews and trains on sugar candy.

Dan Webster stoked his boilers with brown jugs of apple cider,

And when he made a speech, he yanked the spiggots open wider.

Sing ho, those spirited debates, bereft of all restrictions,

When statesmen carried on their hip the strength of their convictions.

Now pass the faucet-water, lads, and pledge in melancholy,

The simple ways of ancient days, for alcohol is folly!

Let's live and grow on H<sub>2</sub>O, and shun the lethal snicker,

For records show that man below goes wrong by drinking likker!

—E. C. Parry, Jr.

Al Smith has been suggested as a candidate on a third party ticket. We think an apt symbol for the proposed party would be the zebra—the Democratic donkey with the Tammany stripes.

The Philippines show a profit and we immediately promise them their independence. Now the only thing left for us to do is to balance the budget and give this country back to the Indians.

## A Golfer and a Tennis Player Talk Things Over

THE TENNIS PLAYER: How's the old game, Joe? Keeping them on the fairways? You know I often wish I played golf instead of tennis.

THE GOLFER: Yeah? That's funny, but I was just going to say that sometimes I think I'm a fool to be wasting my time with a mashie when I might be swinging a racket.

THE TENNIS PLAYER: I don't know about that, Joe. We tennis players often find ourselves regretting that tennis isn't more sociable. We don't have enough time for friendly chats with our opponents.

THE GOLFER: Perhaps. But on the other hand, Ed, we golfers often have tedious waits before we can get a chance at the course. There's far less delay in tennis. It's a great game.

THE TENNIS PLAYER: And golf one of the best of all. Of course you don't get the exercise—

THE GOLFER: WHAT! You mean to say you don't think there's any exercise in eighteen holes of golf? Now, just because tennis doesn't require the skill that golf—

THE TENNIS PLAYER: Not require the skill! Are you out of your head? No skill to make a half volley or a backhand drive? Now if golf had some competition in it—

THE GOLFER: Competition! Why in golf you're competing against par all the time. A tennis player can let down and—

THE TENNIS PLAYER: Let down, my eye! You once let down at tennis, and you're licked. Between holes a golfer can rest, and—

THE GOLFER: Rest nothing! Did you ever walk five miles—

THE TENNIS PLAYER: Did you ever try to smash—

THE GOLFER: Now, the uncanny accuracy required for putting—

THE TENNIS PLAYER: To serve really well only a physically perfect specimen can—

THE GOLFER: Listen, you idiot, in golf—

THE TENNIS PLAYER: Don't call me an idiot, you conceited ass! In tennis—

(Their wives refuse to claim the bodies.)

—Parke Cummings.

# MORE JOBS FOR THE COLLEGE GRAD

By the Authors

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In response to a request from the authors, the Editors of LIFE asked Gurney Williams and Paul Showers further to investigate the potential fields of endeavor and recommend for the current college graduate several new or uncrowded professions. Their suggestions follow.)

## Preface

SINCE we feel that the reader should become thoroughly acquainted with our method of research before becoming involved in the main body of this report we wish to point out that research in our sense of the word consists of looking through a dictionary for the correct spelling of the word, closing the book, lighting a cigarette, and then attempting to write the word. Somewhere in this process (probably while lighting the cigarette) the correct spelling is forgotten and the writer finds it necessary to look again, or research for the word. Thus our interpretation of—

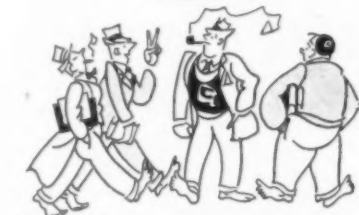
(EDITORS NOTE: Get along with the article.)

## Chart Making

The fact that there is at present no market for sales charts or graphs need not deter the college grad from manufacturing charts or graphs for other purposes. Steamship companies, for instance, would pay a handsome price for a graph plotting a new transatlantic course, or lane. Adventurous captains get pretty sick and tired of following the same old course on every trip, and skippers of week-end cruises are positively fed up with going around in circles.

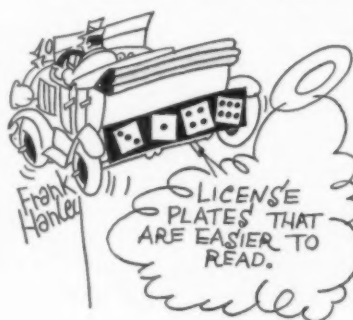
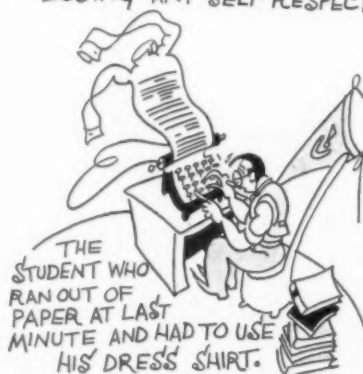
One interesting chart can be made by opening an atlas to Bonne's projection of India and drawing a straight line from Calcutta, India, to Mt. Loi Pang Ngoum (which is in Burma or Yunnan, we're not sure which). All that is necessary then is to figure out the varying altitudes of the land crossed by the line, prop them up sideways on a chart, label one end of the slightly drunken line "New York," the other "Europe", and sell it to a steamship company.

Another novel chart may be made



STARTING THE BAREFOOT FAD

ANSWERING THE PLEA OF THE HAT MERCHANTS' WITHOUT LOSING ANY SELF RESPECT.



by photographing a streak of lightning and mounting it horizontally on a checkered background. This chart should not be used as a steamship lane, however, because its sharp angles might prove disastrous as turning points for a ship. What it *could* be used for is a question.

## Reward Collecting

Lost and Found columns in the metropolitan dailies offer rich rewards for college trained men. We quote from *The Herald Tribune* (New York) of recent date:

### \$200 REWARD

Diamond and platinum fancy brooch containing one square diamond, 20 baguette diamonds and 176 round diamonds. . . .

The process of taking advantage of these offers is simple. One has but to walk around until one or more of the lost articles is found, return it (or them) to its (or their) owner(s), and collect the reward(s). If \$200 seems a trivial amount for the return of a diamond brooch it should be borne in mind that \$200 will purchase 4,000 loaves of bread, 400 pounds of sirloin steak, or two tons of granulated sugar.

Returning to the subject of ocean travel, a college man aboard ship should be able to pick up pin money by watching out for the type of passenger who, in rough weather, "would give a thousand dollars for an island." It would be a simple matter in many instances to lower a boat, row such an individual to a nearby island, and collect the money.

Then, once rescued from the island and deposited safely in Europe, the aggressive student should purchase three or four horses and ride from country to country keeping a sharp ear tuned for the phrase, "My kingdom for a horse!" Some European kingdoms aren't worth even a horse with the heaves these days but a knowledge of economics and the ability to dicker should yield a satisfactory profit.

## General Notes

We cannot recommend the profession of writing as productive of a satisfactory income.

## Country Club Pests

### The Tennis Kibitzer

"Hey there, be careful, there's a hole in your racquet!" . . . "You know you're supposed to hit the ball *over* the net!" . . . "What's the matter, old boy? It seems to be a new racket for you!" . . . "You ought to take that fore-hand drive of yours back. It's only a three-hand one!" . . . "You're one of these vagabond lobbies, aren't you?" . . . "Oh, oh, another balk like that, and the batter'll take his base!" . . . "Well, anyway, you tried hard for that one—better luck next time!" . . . "You oughtn't to play again until you're as good as Big Bill. It'll be a long wait Til-den!" . . . "The idea, my dear chap, is to hit the ball, not to gently

chastise the air!" . . . "Well, well, that service of yours is almost as good as the automat!" . . . "Why 'deuce' all

the time? Why not come out with a good strong 'damn' once in a while?" . . . "Ah, getting affectionate again!"

## HAPPY THOUGHT

I'm one of those work-a-day fellows  
Who have to get up by the clock;  
At six in the morning, it rolls me out yawning  
With a jangle that's heard for a block.

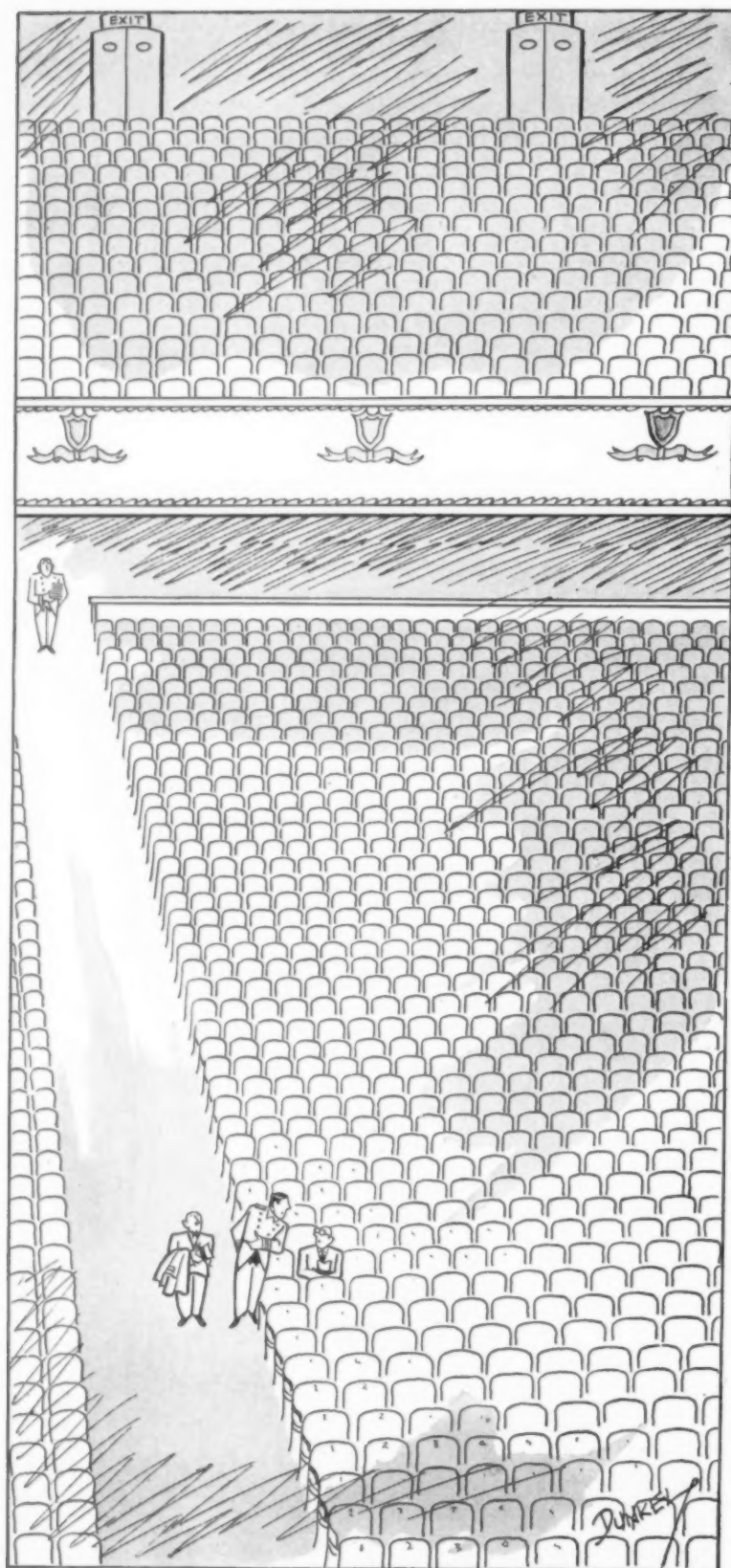
Just as others, I dream of great riches  
And I dream of a pile of bricks  
Kept close to my right, and a new clock each night  
That I'd bust every morning at six.

—A. S. W.



"Where can I find the agent for these tours?"





"Sorry, sir, but you've got this gentleman's seat."

### More Life Lines

It develops that a bag of dynamite, enough to blow up lower New York, was checked by bomb plotters in a subway station four days. We understand the Noise Abatement Commission is indignant.

After a long struggle the co-eds of Northwestern University have been granted permission to smoke in their sorority houses, so now they won't have to stop.

Buenos Aires has a "Drink More Beer" campaign. Our sympathy is with the patriotic citizen who can't.

An executive advertises in a New York newspaper for a secretary with small feet. Office space in the big city is expensive.

When the wind blew down his barn a Pennsylvania farmer found a keg of rye bonded in 1911, but ordinarily farmers don't have much fun.

It never rains in California, but somehow we wonder how a member of the nudist colony there would look carrying an umbrella.

As we understand the numerous arguments in favor of liquor, it is not bad luck unless you light only three persons with one quart.

Things are down in the rural districts. It is said they are offering three birds in the bushes for one in hand.

An Oxford graduate has become a bootblack. Thus the student who says Greek won't help him when he gets out in the world may be mistaken.

And another thing that makes both parties hesitate is there is so little prohibition to come out against.

### Triolet of Wonderment

What is all the shouting for?

Love is such a simple thing—

He adores, and I adore;

What is all the shouting for?

Writers write and presses roar,

Birds and crooners squawk and sing;

What is all the shouting for?

Love is such a simple thing!

—D. R. K.



CRISIS AT ANNAPOLIS  
An applicant from a seaboard town!

IN YE GOOD OLDE DAYES



YE MONTH OF JUNE



## Who's Whom

**LUMMY, E(thelbert) Henry**, entertnr. at parties, and ins. slsmn.; *b.* New Rochelle, N. Y., January 1, 1900; *s.* William and Etta (Lush) L.; ed. pub. schs. New Rochelle; unmarried. Early became accomplished stunts at parties; 1908, learned to move scalp; 1910, learned to wiggle ears together, later could control one at a time; 1911, comical faces, including cross-eyed; same year sent to Montgomery Ward for 10c book, "How to Be a Ventriloquist"; 1912—developed imitations of animals: cat (by imprisoning air in cheek), chick, hen, dog, etc. triumphing with taxicab horn 1925; also open-air imitations, as catamount and peacock; expert at use of store tricks, i. e., sneeze powder, itch powder, false features, rubber-pointed pencil, dud matches, leaking glass, stink bombs, plate lifters, ticklers; can simulate exhortation very realistically, walk like crippled beggar or ape (with scratching); also adept at dialect stories, Irish, Jewish, Swedish, Negro, Brooklyn. Since 1920 ins. broker, New York, except Bellevue Hosp. June-Oct. 1922 after trying handshake on man friend, holding lighted cigarette between fingers. Republican, Democrat, Progressive. Mem. Elks, Red Men, Eagles, Odd Fellows, Masons, Tall Cedars; Baptist, Methodist, Congregational churches. *Address*, 23rd St. Y.M.C.A., New York.

—Stacy V. Jones.

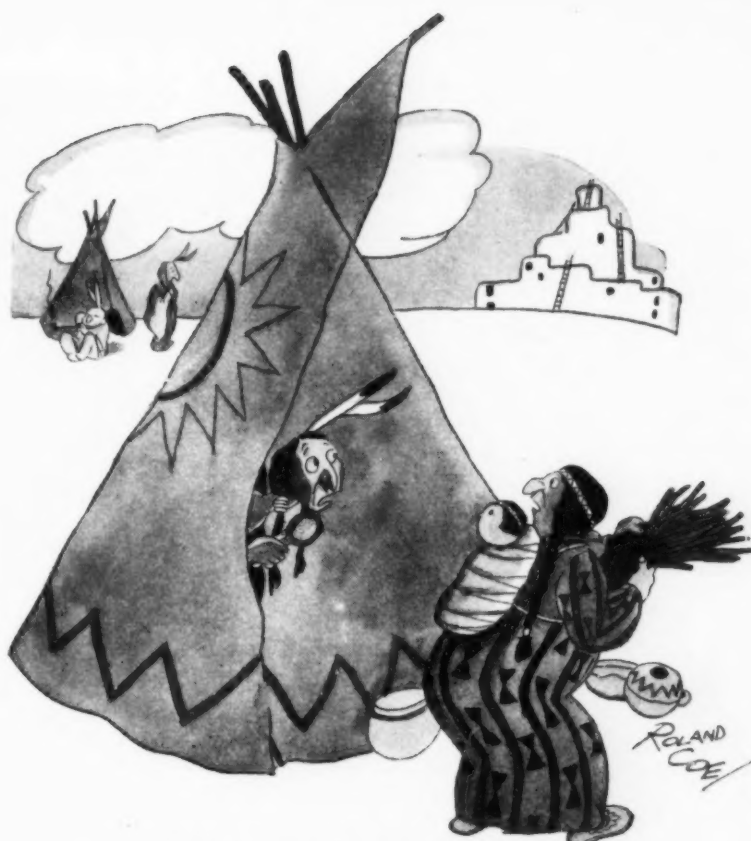
A book of pictures has been published showing the horrors of war. One of the most gruesome illustrations is said to be a photograph of a plate of army beans.

Nowadays two pints make one cavort.

### Ignominnaeus

A witless disciple of Linnaeus  
Was a botany student named Phinnaeus;  
He analyzed flowers  
In the garden for owers,  
But he couldn't tell roses from zinnaeus.

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

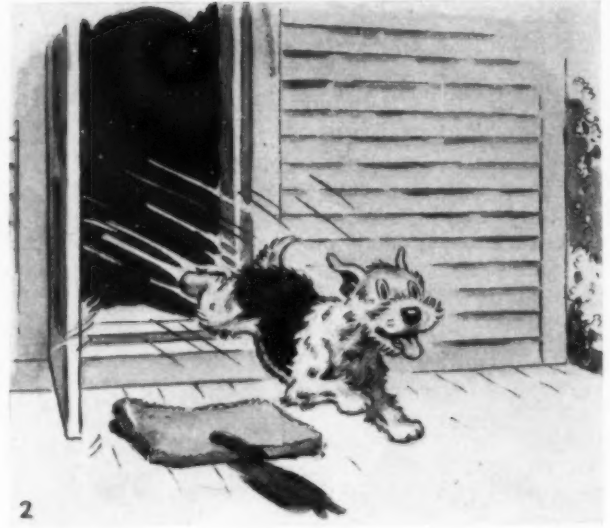


"What's happened to my ping-pong net?"



"Guess we'll have to turn it over, Joe."

SINBAD . . . . .



..... IN THE NICK OF TIME!





## THE DEFICIT . . . . LOCAL SELF GOVERNMENT

BY E. S. MARTIN

**M**R. RICHARD WHITNEY, of the Stock Exchange, called to Washington to explain the drop in security prices in the week of April 7th was too polite to say to his inquisitors *Circumspice!*—(look around). But everybody except Congress seems to recognize that the immediate discouragement reflected in the stock market prices was due to increasing doubt whether Congress was equal to its job of supplying emergency remedies and balancing the budgets. The recent trouble with the stock market was Congress. When an Italian from New York disregarding party obligations was able to lead rebels from both parties in a successful movement to defeat items on the tax bill, that was disturbing because it broke the arrangement under which the House was trying to do its necessary business.

When tax fumbling showed in Congress security values began to drop. The value of Stock Exchange seats has dropped to about one-fifth of what it was. How about the value of seats in Congress? Have they fallen off any? Are they thought to be as secure as ever except subject possibly to a moderate drop in pay? The members of Congress might give attention to that. Are they a great fundamental fact or are they still no more than a factor in an experiment of government?

There was a Parliament in England that was dissolved by a blunt soldier who concluded it was no good. It is probably not a serious impiety to suggest that Congress as an institution of these States is more on trial than it realizes, and if in the present remarkable crisis in human affairs it should fail to do what seemed necessary to the welfare of the people of the country it might be wiped off the slate. After all there is the Stock Exchange and there is Congress and there is the Constitution. They are all devised for the convenience and welfare of our people. A part of Congress looks upon the Stock Exchange as an unrighteous assembly that is capable of almost any naughtiness, but the Stock Exchange looks at Congress and says very little. Stock prices drop, intimating conclusions that are not flattering to Congress.

When the reformers scared Congress into Prohibition the reputation of that assembly suffered. Everything that Prohibition has touched has suffered in morale in consequence.

But after all Congress has never been a band of champions but always an aggregation of rather ordinary persons with some good workers and some good leaders among them.

It is intimated by some observers that constitutional government both here and in England has serious changes ahead of it. That is possible enough. The problems immediately ahead are extraordinary and means quite as much out of ordinary may have to be contrived to meet them.

**C**ONGRESS has to invent taxes and the stocks fluctuate according to opinion whether its inventions are good or bad, hopeful or otherwise.



## THE NOT-QUITE-ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

**POUND NOTE (to Dollar Bill):** "I know that sinking feeling. Glad you're going to take the same stuff I took. Picked me up a lot."—Punch (by permission).

Congress is not worse than usual but it is up against more difficult questions than usual. Some of the brethren down there have been working hard and with intelligence, but the problems are difficult. What is good for one part of the country may not be good for another, usually is not. That is one great trouble with the Dry law. It works better in Kansas than it does in Massachusetts or New York. We need a great deal of local self government. The British seem to be somewhat ahead of us. They ought to be. England, including Wales, is a compact territory with a homogeneous population. To be sure nowadays the Dominions conflict its problems but they are simpler still than ours.

As our matters now stand one lot of States vote for taxes and another lot pays them. There are a lot of mountain states between Kansas and California with two votes apiece in the Senate but no more than a microscopic contribution to the national revenues. There is a name for those States as seen by Eastern taxpayers which is far from polite.

Can our machinery of government be improved? Of course we can get along with it as it is, but could it be improved? Of course it can be improved by repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, which is a disgusting tyranny but beyond that, what? The champion of the bonus is Patman, a Congressman from Texas. He won't have to pay it. Texas is a great state but not so very profuse a taxpayer.



*"The pigeons have arrived on the window ledge, sir!"*



### A NEW YORK STREET IN SIZZLING JULY

#### LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-five years. In that time it has expended almost half a million dollars and has given a happy holiday in the country to 55,000 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which will be acknowledged in LIFE) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 E. 42nd St., New York.

#### A Matter of Interest

"**W**HEW! Isn't it hot?" "Yes, indeed! Gives a good idea of what a summer in New York must be! Glad my folks will be up country all season, and that I'm to join them for my August vacation."

But, how about the people who can't get away for the hot months—who won't have any vacation, and who have not been having and are not likely to have any too much to eat, either? How about them?

Unfortunately, there are only too many of these in our Greater New York. People whose savings were all used up during the unemployment period of the winter—so they came almost down to the bread lines. Where is the money coming from for their children's vacations?

What does a vacation at one of LIFE's Camps mean? It means fifteen Summer days and cool country nights under the most ideal conditions. The camps, for Boys at Pottersville, New Jersey, and for Girls at Branchville, Connecticut, to these poor youngsters, are *The Land of Dreams Come True*. Each Camp is on a big farm, out in the country, with everything a growing child needs, including personal supervision by trained college counsellors

with the "human touch"—the very best of wholesome food—swimming under the tutelage of a trained instructor—a study of Nature's laws—an insight into animal life—dramatics and many other things which belong to children,—children who are to be the citizens of tomorrow.

We are proud of our Camps and we cast modesty to the winds in laying claim to this fact. We welcome visitors who come to see for themselves.

Last year we reduced our budget \$5,000 as compared to the year before

#### Your Twenty Dollars May Change This Little Fellow's Entire Life



Drawn for LIFE's Fresh Air Fund by Charles Dana Gibson.

## LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND NEEDS YOU!

and we took somewhat fewer children. This year, to be safe, we should reduce it by a similar sum but we really shouldn't reduce the number of children. We are going to start the season at least by "gambling" on the fact that you will give this year. To be sure, gambling on a person's love of children is a pretty sure "bet." After all, are not children the best bet of all?

We admit that we are limited mechanically in making this appeal to your generosity. Therefore, after you have read this, as we hope you will won't you please pass this copy of LIFE along to some sympathetic friend? We ask this for no selfish reason but only and solely for the sake of needy children who are virtually crying aloud for help and opportunity. Our vacation days will be happy ones, let us hope. We can enjoy them more with the thought that we have given happiness to some deserving child.

Anything that you can send will be gratefully appreciated, be it one dollar or many times that amount.

Checks payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City will pay you dividends a thousand-fold: health and happiness—a real opportunity—for a little Boy or Girl.

\$500 given as LIFE's Fresh Air Endowment, means the money will be put with other funds that are now in a perpetual trust, and the income from your \$500 will ensure a vacation each summer for one poor city child at our Camps.

Contributions such as shoes, clothes, etc., can be sent either to LIFE's Camp for Boys, Pottersville, New Jersey, or to LIFE's Camp for Girls, Branchville, Georgetown P.O., Connecticut.

All contributions will be acknowledged in LIFE in an early issue, and also by letter immediately if the sender's address is given.

May we count on you?

—THE EDITORS.



## The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Son:

**Y**OUR idea of signing up for professional baseball for the coming summer and thereby taking yourself off my dole line sounds good to me. If that really was a scout from the Yankees who was at college talking to you it means you will at least get your room, board and spending money in Memphis or San Antonio. I have watched a lot of ball players in my time, for I go back to the days of Cupid Childs, Winnie Mercer and Cy Seymour! and I regard a few seasons of even minor league ball a valuable experience for it teaches a young man to live without working, and that is the essential thing to know these days. You have the primary qualification for a professional ball player. You like to sit by the hour in hotel lobbies.

Of course, it would be nice if you made good with the Yankees. You started out to be a doctor, but if you've studied your American history you know that while a lot of doctors have had to take up life insurance the American people have never failed to reward a fellow who had a hop on his fast one.

Your brother Theodore, the one who is taking foreign and domestic commerce, is trying to get lined up for the summer as a counsellor at a boys' camp. As he can't swim or ride and knows nothing of woodcraft or boys he should have no trouble qualifying.

There's nothing to be done about

Charlie, for as he is a football coach he can't work in the summer without violating the union rules.

Fortunately I've been busy myself this spring. We've had some nice orders down at the brick yard. Nothing to get excited about but sufficient to save me from having to putter around the roses in the back yard.



"I want to buy—what do you call it—a razor?"

Did I tell you about the break I got here at home last month? Your mother got it into her head that she should do something to help me, so she took all the Early American furniture out of the living room and sold it. She got half enough from the sale to refurnish

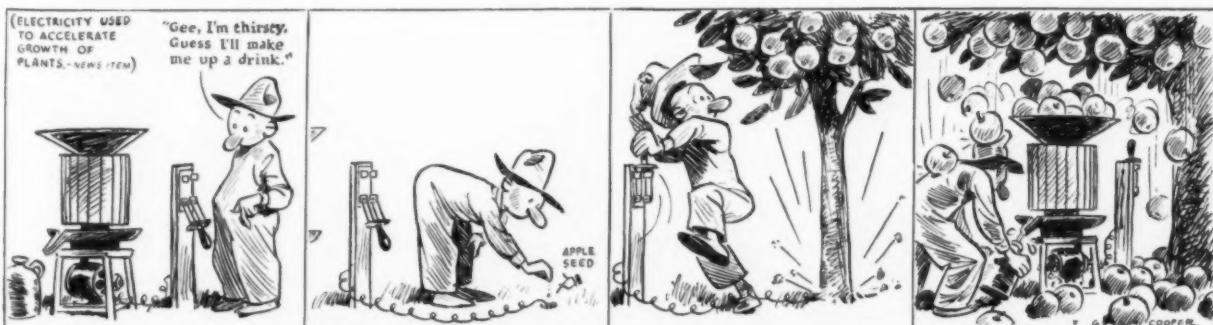
the room in modern style, so she got the pleasure of thinking she was helping me and I got something comfortable to sit in for only fourteen hundred dollars.

She kept two or three of the finer old pieces, just enough to refer to when we have company and call up in the minds of the visitors a house with white pillars and a line of silver-haired retainers waiting on the portico to greet Young Miss as the Master brings her home a bride. The fact that your Mother's childhood home was on the ninth floor of an apartment house doesn't seem to prevent her having an ancestral seat when it comes time for callers to depart and vague generalities are perfectly safe.

But she got furious with me the other night when I tried to take my turn and referred to the stable my grandfather used to keep. I told her there wasn't any difference between touching up a livery stable and making it a racing stable and converting a rear flat into a rambling Georgian mansion in fancy's eye. But as you will learn some day it all depends on whose ancestors are being gilded by the delicate brush of memory.

I realize you will sacrifice your amateur standing if you sign this contract but the last time I saw Bobby Jones in the motion pictures he looked well and fairly happy.

Your Affectionate Father,  
McCready Huston.





"TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD"

From left to right (top): Shaw, overseeing A Microbe, played by Julius Evans; Ernest Cossart as Colonel Tallboys, V. C., D. S. O.; and Leo G. Carroll, as Private Meek. (Center): Beatrice Lillie, as a chambermaid, masquerading as a nurse, masquerading as a countess. (Bottom): Beatrice Lillie and Hope Williams, as her native servant. Hugh Sinclair as The Burglar, interpreting Shaw.

## THE THEATRE

By Louise Bascom Barratt

**B**ERNARD SHAW'S measles nightmare, perhaps well-named *Too True To Be Good*, saves the secret dictionary addict days of research in the realm of gnus and gnats and refreshes the mind on numberless subjects from the dullness of society and the uncertainty of the lower and higher centers to the dangers of safety and security—a laugh in itself today!

The great Englishman's shrewdness and humor are much augmented by Beatrice Lillie, who almost throws the drama out of focus by so many delightful antics that it is difficult not to exclaim, "Give us more Lillie and less Shaw". As an ex-chambermaid nurse, she bounces through Mr. Jorgulesco's interesting scenery abetted by Hope Williams, her irritable and fashionable patient, who claims to be terribly delicate when awake. The remainder of Mr. Shaw's always stimulating vocabulary is put in the mouths of a burglar-curate who preaches on every subject from the luxury of honesty to fertilizer; a choleric colonel who storms about justice being no less justice because it is delayed; an ex-colonel who has joined the ranks because of inability to endure the conversation of the officer's mess; a sergeant who performs a juggling act with the Bible, John Bunyan and love; an anchorite; a bored doctor; an overwrought Mamma; and a well dressed microbe.

At no time is the observer cognizant of what is going to happen, so there is no disappointment when nothing whatsoever occurs. Mr. Shaw's well produced symposium of at times amusing sermons, with here and there a quip such as, "A woman's future is not with her mother", is decidedly for believers that the Guild can do no wrong, rather than for merry pleasure seekers unused to seeing microbes in fancy dress. Yet in all the clutter of profundity and clowning there are moments of power to thrill the revered master's worshippers and spur the mentally lazy to grope for the meanings behind the barrage of words.

In sharp contrast to the somewhat static quality of this drama by a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature is the

rapid action of *Riddle Me This!*, John Golden's gift to nervous women who enjoy mystery plays but who dread pistol shots and the apprehension of waiting for the next victim. The worst is over when the curtain rises and the play gallops off capably ridden by Frank Craven and Thomas Mitchell, who somehow possess the rare gift of looking like, talking like, and acting like human beings. A dormant-diaphragmed corpse, a pleasant villain, and a pink and white stock broker (who obviously eats cream puffs and whose mother apparently has kept from him the truth about Kreuger and Toll) assist the stars in proving that either the audience's eyes or the detectives' deductions are inexcusably poor. As usual the criminologists turn out to be slightly in error. For non-searchers after problems, sex or brilliant dialogue, *Riddle Me This!* is as lively entertainment as *Too True To Be Good* is a test of concentration.

Quite different from the curiously contrasting successes of Bernard Shaw and Daniel Rubin is *There's Always Juliet*—a play with one of those irritating, difficult-to-remember titles which playwrights now implant in their works by means of Shakespearean references.

As in the case of *Reunion in Vienna*, the unquestioned box-office triumph of John Van Druten's comedy depends largely on Edna Best and Herbert Marshall, who, like Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, have played together

until they have established an understanding and rhythmic smoothness that makes every gesture a pleasure to watch. They toss their thistle-downs of thought to one another with tenderness and skill, as if always anxious that the other should carry off any possible palm-leaf award. The blue ribbon rating of their vehicle, however, might conceivably turn to red in the hands of jealous actors, eager to step on the co-star's lines and laughs.

The dialogue is crisp, but not extraordinary, the plot of two human beings falling in love at sight and spending pleasant moments together with practically no interference is almost too simple to be called a plot, and yet the attention is dexterously caught and held. The secret, it would seem, is that all observers are overjoyed to find two attractive, smart-looking, worldly people uttering exactly the every-day trivialities they themselves would use in the same glamorous circumstances.

## PLAYS TO SEE

*Tested Shows Two Months or More Old*

*Counsellor-at-Law*: Well played melodrama about the troubles of a Jewish criminal lawyer and his Park Avenue wife.

*Hot-Cha!*: Ziegfeld musical background for Ziegfeld girls.

*Mourning Becomes Electra*: The second company, headed by Judith Anderson and Florence Reed, in a two-plays-in-one O'Neill show so gloomy that the stock market looks bright in comparison.

*Of Thee I Sing*: Good-natured, hilarious political satire, featuring Gershwin's modern music.

*Reunion in Vienna*: Fontanne-Lunt in sparkling, sophisticated comedy.

*Springtime for Henry*: Naughty farce-comedy. Liked very much or not at all.

*The Animal Kingdom*: Leslie Howard marries the wrong woman in a theatrically contrived story containing charming people to know.

*The Cat and the Fiddle*: Leisurely, pleasing, tuneful musical comedy.

*The Laugh Parade*: Ed Wynn in Ed Wynn, set to music.

*Whistling in the Dark*: Whimsical Ernest Truex entangled in a really good gangster-mystery plot.





## Sunday Afternoon Interludes

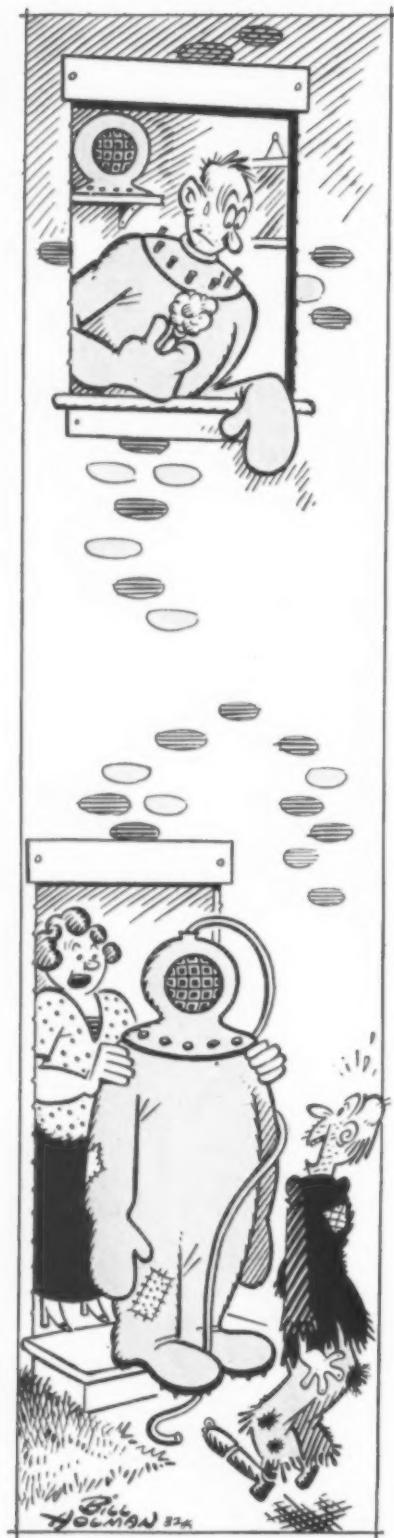
"John, what's that? . . . Why, that shouting! Don't you hear it? . . . Well, listen. . . . There! There it is again. . . . Why, it's—isn't it an extra? . . . John, it *is* an extra! . . . What of it? Why, it's probably something *important*, that's what of it! Listen, now, and see if you can make out what he says. . . . Can you get it? . . . What? Who *cares*? . . . Well, *I* care, and should certainly think *you* would! The *idea* of not taking any more interest in what's going on! It's—it's unpatriotic! . . . *Listen* now, there he goes again. Can you make it out? . . . John, are you *listening*? It sounds like—why—why, it sounds like—John, it *is*! It's '*disaster*'! . . . It's **DISASTER**, John! John, he's saying '*all about the big disaster*'—just as plain as day! . . . What? '*Hooley*'? What do you *mean*, '*hooley*'? As if they'd *dare* go around shouting something that wasn't so, don't be ridiculous! . . . Here he *comes*, John! . . . John, he's coming right this way—John, run quick! . . . *John*, I say run and *get* one, he's coming right down our *street*! . . . Oh, now it's just as plain—'*all about the big DISASTER, DISASTER*'—oh, I know it's something *terrible*! **JOHN!** *How CAN you sit there like a bump on a LOG! BOY! BOY! BRING ME A PAPER! HURRY*—What, a nickel? . . . *John, bring me a nickel, John give the boy a nickel, I want to hurry up and see what . . .* Well, just a *minute*, John, till I find OUT what it is, I'm looking—I don't see . . . 'Talking film stars Mayor Walker on Broadway'—*that* can't be it. . . . Oh, **HERE** it is—'*Disaster Foreseen in Five-Year Plan*.' . . . *Well*. . . Is *that* all! . . . Well, for Heaven's sake, if that isn't the *limit*! . . . Why, the *idea* of charging a *nickel* for *that*! . . . What are you laughing at, John? I suppose you're *pleased* that I got cheated! . . . Well, it was *your* nickel, Mr. Smarty, don't forget *that*. . . . What do you *mean*, 'worth it'? . . . *Hmph!* Well, if you can see anything worth a nickel in *such* stupid drivels, why, *take* the old paper—**THERE!**"

—*Marian Deitrick.*

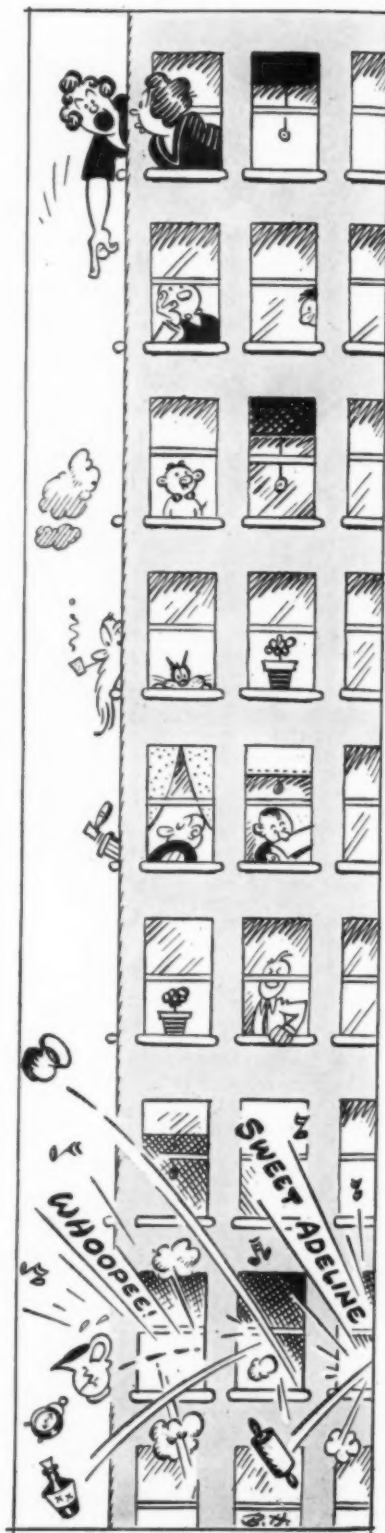
### Epitaph For A Popular Poet

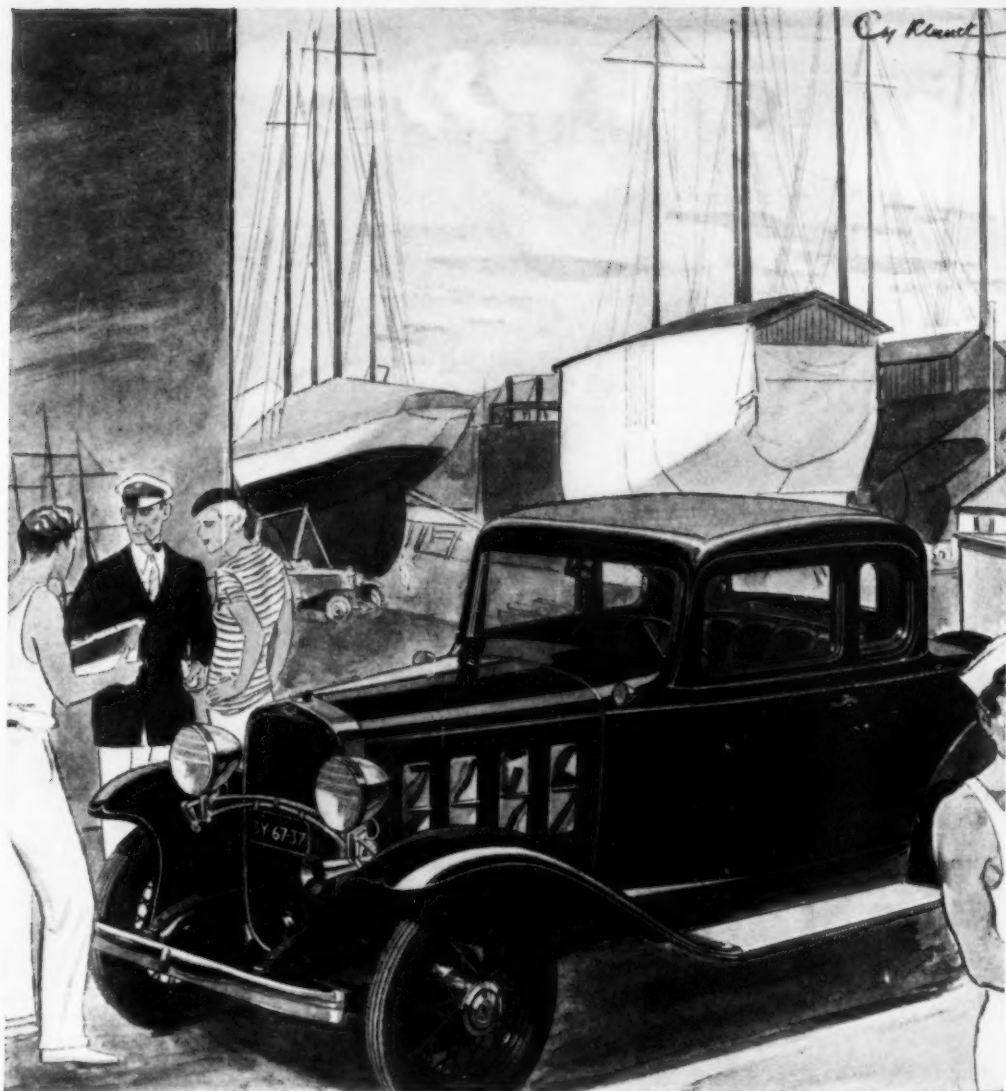
It takes a heap o' dying  
to make a  
cemetery.

"I'm glad we moved  
from that neighborhood  
on the third floor."



**DIVER'S WIFE:** *I can let you have one of my husband's old suits!*





## STYLED TO THE MINUTE AND BUILT FOR THE YEARS

We really don't think it necessary at this late date to call your attention to the smart, modern appearance of the new Chevrolet Six. Like everybody else, you've undoubtedly already set it down as something new under the sun, and something extremely pleasing. But we *would* like to remind you that Chevrolet's beauty is more than paint deep. That lustrous finish you admire is durable

Duco. That gleaming hardware is plated with stainless chromium. The trim interiors of the stoutly-built Fisher bodies are lined with carefully selected upholstery. And the thrills you'll get from driving this car are firmly rooted in quality materials and construction. All parts of the car are built to withstand the rigors of the most demanding driving, while the smoothness and quietness

of the engine are *built-in* smoothness and quietness. The result is that when you buy a Chevrolet, you can plan on having fine appearance and performance for years, although you pay one of the lowest prices at which motor cars are sold.

Priced as  
Low as **\$445** *f. o. b. Flint,  
Michigan*  
*Special Equipment Extra*  
CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., DETROIT  
*Division of General Motors*

## NEW CHEVROLET SIX



THE GREAT AMERICAN VALUE



# CONTRACT BRIDGE by ELY CULBERTSON

## Placing Your Partner on the Rack

**P**HYSICAL torture, according to history, was one of the favorite methods of primitive people in wreaking vengeance on their foes. In later ages, it has been used to convince people, whose ideas failed to conform with the orthodox, that they should see the error of their ways and repent. If we are to believe the reports printed in the public press, it is part of the equipment of a good police department to force an unwilling suspect to confess his crimes.

Physical torture, of course, is never applied at the Bridge table, but mental torture is sometimes consciously, or unconsciously, used by a player on his partner. Those who have written the codes of ethics of the game have never dealt with this particular offence, and I suppose it really is a matter beyond their ken and without their jurisdiction.

The other day I walked into a Bridge club in New York and saw two tables engaged in a team-of-four contest. The

contestants were of the modern school. They believed that the science of bidding was in concealing strength from the opponents as much as possible, while encouraging partner to continue the bidding until the best eventual declaration was reached. I sat down to watch the play of a few hands, which proceeded in an orderly manner until the hand given below was dealt.

East—Dealer  
North and South vulnerable

	♠ A-J-9-8-6-5-4										
	♥ 4										
	♦ A-K-Q-J-4										
	♣ —										
♠ 10-3-2	<table><tr><td>N</td><td></td><td>E</td></tr><tr><td>W</td><td></td><td></td></tr><tr><td></td><td>S</td><td></td></tr></table>	N		E	W				S		♠ K
N			E								
W											
		S									
♥ J-5-2	♥ K-Q-3										
♦ 9-8-2	♦ 10-7-3										
♣ 9-8-5-2		♣ A-K-J-10-7-6									
	♠ Q-7										
	♥ A-10-9-8-7-6										
	♦ 6-5										
	♣ Q-4-3										



The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♥	Pass	2 ♣ (2)	1 ♣ (1)
Pass (4)	Pass	3 ♣ (5)	Double (3)
Pass	Pass	4 ♣ (7)	Double (6)
Pass (9)	Pass	5 ♣ (10)	Double (8)
Pass	Pass	6 ♣ (12)	Double (11)
Pass	Pass	6 ♠ (13)	Double
Pass	Pass	Redouble	Pass
Pass	Pass	(14)	

(1) Obviously a very sound and strong Opening bid.

(2) An immediate Overcall in opponents' bid suit—a bid forcing partner to keep the bidding open until game is reached.

(3) East makes it unnecessary for partner to respond.

(4) South might be justified in now bidding two hearts on a six-card suit and 1½ honor-tricks, but he decides to await further action by his partner.

(5) Still demanding a bid from partner.

(6) Continuing to double with the thought that North may eventually reach the wrong contract.

(7) This bid requires a Takeout.

(8) Still an attempt to intercept the lines of communication.

(9) South has been on the rack since the first bid. He is now feeling the pull of the torture paraphernalia.

(10) North gives the thumbscrew another turn.

(11) The opponent joins in the process.

(12) A remarkable series of Overcalls, but picture partner's feelings.

(13) At last disclosing his suit.

(14) Still another turn of the thumbscrew.



"What, Colonel—no honors?"



# Help us end this

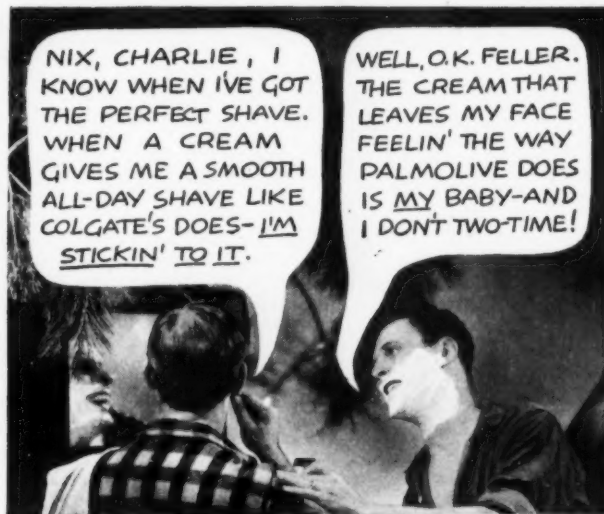
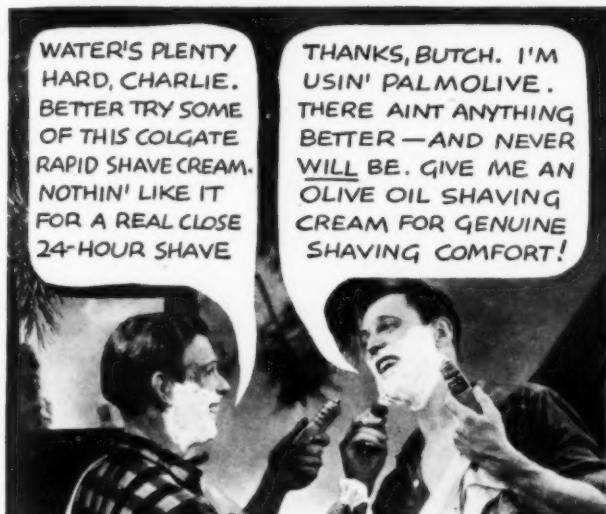
## \$25,000 argument

Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurb"	For best Palmolive "blurb"
1st . . . \$500	1st . . . \$500
2nd . . . 125	2nd . . . 125
3rd . . . 50	3rd . . . 50
9 next . . . 25	9 next . . . 25
20 next . . . 10	20 next . . . 10
200 next . . . 5	200 next . . . 5

Write a "blurb"—

464 prizes this month!



**L**ISTEN to this argument, men! It's just the kind of argument you're likely to hear any time—in any part of the country.

Millions of men like Charlie and Butch have made Palmolive and Colgate's shaving creams the biggest sellers in the world. The overwhelming leaders in a field of 176 competing brands. Think of it!

Colgate users swear there's nothing like it. Palmolive shavers are "sold solid." What's *your* slant? Are you with Butch or Charlie? Are you for Colgate's or Palmolive?

Write a "blurb" and let us know. Read over the "blurbs" coming out of the men's mouths above. Then say *your* say—in favor of Palmolive *or* in favor of Colgate's (not both). Write in one of the empty "blurb" spaces at right, or better on a separate sheet of paper. Just "horn in" on the argument—in your own words. Get your pencil out—now!

### CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. E-6, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill. Residents of Canada, address: 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.

The prize money (totaling \$25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling \$4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs"

received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29. \$4200 Mar. 31. \$4200  
April 30. \$4200 May 31. \$4200  
June 30. \$4200 July 31. \$4200

(Contest closes July 31, 1932)

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employees of the manufacturers and their families may *not* compete. In event of a tie, each ty-

ing contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

All contributions shall become the property of the manufacturers, to be used as desired.

#### Some hints to help you win

At the right are some of the reasons why more men prefer Colgate's and Palmolive than any other shaving cream.

Write your "blurb" here, men!

Get some of that \$25,000

What can you Colgate users say to help Butch out? Or what can you Palmolive shavers add to Charlie's side of the argument? If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money!

Palmolive Users

Colgate Users



#### PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

#### COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

It is much easier to imagine South's reaction to North's spectacular bids than to describe them. Actually, however, North's bidding, particularly up to the third round, was entirely sound. He required very little strength in his partner's hand to make a game and he hoped, by his series of Overcalls of the opposing bid, to convey to his opponents an incorrect picture of his two-suited holding. East, he reasoned, would place him with strength in hearts, as well as in spades, to justify his bidding pyrotechnics, which seemed to display a willingness to play the hand at any suit other than clubs. This was the picture that North wished to have firmly painted upon East's mind in order that a satisfactory Double might be coaxed from East at some stage in the bidding. The bids of five clubs and six clubs were, no doubt, overbids, as North was extremely fortunate in the particular distribution of the hand.

In playing the hand, North actually made seven spades, but this happy result was due to correct reading of the spade distribution, coupled with the fact that his partner held the Ace of hearts and that the diamonds adversely held broke evenly. Had North found an unfortunate distribution in the trump suit, his contract of six must surely have been defeated.

It is, of course, unwise to attempt to analyze this bidding on the basis of mere set rules. The bidding of North is far more correctly described as a study in opponent psychology rather than a picture of the values held in the hand by the series of bids which resulted so fortunately for North and South. If the Slam, makable on this hand, is to be reached in the bidding, the responsibility must rest with North in getting the picture of his holding across to his partner. The repeated Overcall in the opponent's bid suit should have sufficed to give South an idea of the distributional values held by North. North, no doubt, was well aware of this, but for himself had early decided that the hand must be played in a Slam. "In view of this," he reasoned, "what safer course is there to reach a Slam than to continually overcall the oppos-



INSPECTOR: *This is Mr. Abernathy, our guest conductor from Philadelphia*

ing bid, as long as that course is open to me?"

East had the opportunity to defeat North's strategy by the simple, but sound, policy of passing North's bids. South would then have been in a position of being forced to speak, and North might not have been able to create the mental picture which brought about the Double and the smashing Redouble.

When the mathematicians had completed the work of adding up the score

on this particular hand, North blamed his partner, who was limp from the strain of the bidding, for "giving too much encouragement."

"You should have made a bid," said North, "and stopped me from going so high. Your passes caused me to bid the Slam, which we might not have made."

And thus we find a Bridge player who outdoes Shakespeare's character who "finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

A pass by partner—an encouraging bid—but then it must be confessed that North needed little, if any, encouragement.

### This Month's Pointer

As in war, surprise is the essential factor in psychological tactics against opponents. The bid (or sometimes the absence of a bid) which misinforms the enemy and leads him to make a wrong assumption is a surprise bid. Under this general heading there are grouped many different kinds of surprise bids variously known as "bluff," "camouflage," or "psychic" bids. In this connection it is important to clear up two points which are apt to cause confusion—one dealing with ethics of surprise bids, and the other dealing with a certain kind of idiotic bluff bids.



## That's What I Say, Too!

N. W. Ayer & Co., Inc. says:

"Advertising, reduced to its lowest common denominator, is circulation. In other words—readers.

"The first office of an advertising agent is to know what he is buying for his client—not only where a medium goes, but how many and what kinds of people read it and whether the number of readers justify its rate. The second office is to fill that space with copy that will gain reader interest and cause reader action."

**C**AN you imagine any passengers who ride inside a Fifth Avenue bus failing to read the advertisements in front of them? We know how many passengers ride. We collect the dimes and count them! We have studied the kinds of people who ride and we know they are people of above the average means, with good taste and discrimination. We also know that bus passengers are all dressed up, ready to be persuaded with the smallest amount of effort on their part, to buy merchandise when they leave the bus. Your merchandise can be reproduced exactly in color at no extra expense for the space. This is the year of opportunity. Spaces are now obtainable that have not been offered for ten years. Let us tell you about them.

---

*Agency commission 15%—cash discount 2%*

**JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, JR.**

ADVERTISING SPACE IN THE FIFTH AVENUE COACHES

425 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Telephone CAledonia 5-2151



DREAM OF THE MAN WHO ALWAYS WANTED TO—



### Blow-your-own-Horn-Column

As for myself an ideal program—in fact, the one I hope to build some sweet day for myself—is a half-hour with a glittering, sparkling orchestra and an ever-changing parade of assisting artists. Something doing every second. Plenty of variety, surprises, speed and punch. And, of course, full opportunity to run rampant through it myself—to sing, pound the ivories, chat, kid and cut loose generally.

—Ray Perkins, radio humorist.

"You really *must* meet me! You'll *rave* over me! Everybody is *crazy* about me! I'm perfectly *divine*!"

—Tallulah Bankhead, in *Picture Play*.

LADY WILKINS telling me ecstatically about Friday's Opera . . . after her weekend with Sir Hubert in Montreal. . . .

—May Christy, in *The N.Y. Journal*.

I'll never forget the time a small town printer folded up on me. I was in the press room, panting with eagerness for the first copy of our high school paper which carried my name as editor. Hot dog!

—Editor, *College Humor*.

"They always cast me in the rôle of a 'love-'em-and-leave-'em' baby when all the time I am trying to convince movie directors I can do heavy, dramatic parts."

—Jean Harlow.

### Epitaph For A Janitor

Inured to dust  
I may continue  
sleeping.

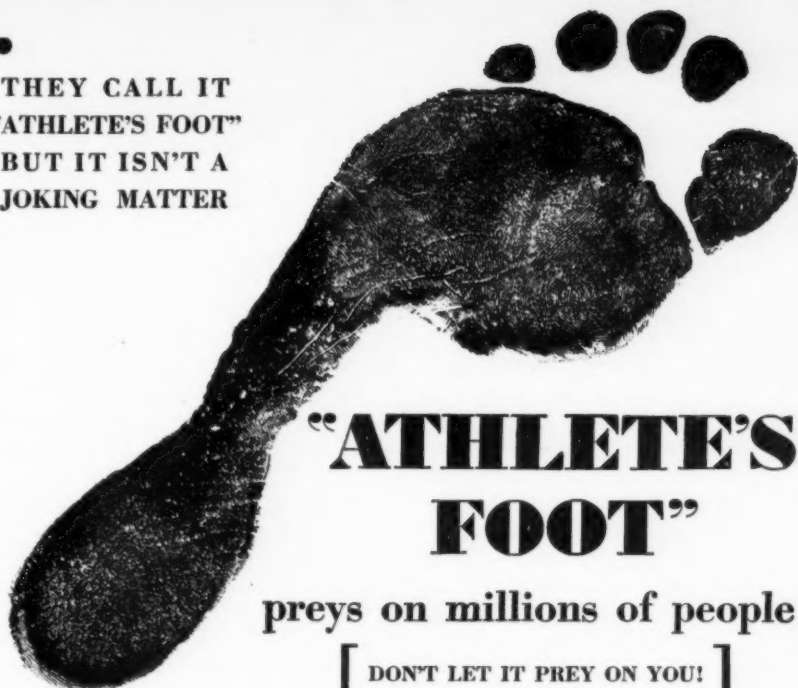
Amerrykahna

Varneesh.  
Musalidge.  
Vasleen.  
Linnimunt.

Ice Crim Cowans.  
Ginjarale.  
Vunnalla Extrak.  
Mintz Meat.

Marethon Contests.  
Real State Developmunts.  
Charety Buzzars.  
Distric Turneys.

•  
**THEY CALL IT  
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"  
BUT IT ISN'T A  
JOKING MATTER**



**B**EFORE the green leaves of summer fade into the gold of fall, many men and women who read no further than this paragraph will wish they had followed this message to the very end.

Here is a simple statement of fact: *At least 10 million people will be prey this summer to that widespread infection called "Athlete's Foot."*

Here is another: *Countless people who have "Athlete's Foot" today are doing nothing about it because they do not consider the danger signals serious.*

The peril comes from the fact that the germs, when unchecked, dig deep into skin and underlying tissues. They cause the skin to crack open, bringing on a soreness often so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And even more serious, if other infections such as blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas pass into the blood stream through those open sores.

**Watch your step in places  
where "Athlete's Foot" abounds**

It is one of nature's ironies that "Athlete's Foot" should attack most people when they are exposing their bare feet to damp

surfaces in the very act of promoting health.

For the tiny ringworm germ which causes this infection lurks by the billions on locker- and dressing-room floors. It swarms on beach walks and on edges of swimming pools, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

**Use Absorbine Jr. to kill  
the germ of "Athlete's Foot"**

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills it quickly, when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

**Write for free sample**

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle on every outing. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

### FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse soothing, cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

## ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



## DESERT ROUGH CUTS

BY

HARRY OLIVER

THERE ain't any real reason for these stories about my desert friends and this Mañana store only that Borego Valley's still a happy tomorrow place and probably won't be when them cement roads, escrows, traffic laws an' billboards sneak up on us.

Now this here establishment of mine happened where it is unintentional. Me an' Uncle Zeke was drivin' a tote team loaded with provisions years ago in one of them Southern California gold rushes an' got this far when the team wore out and the wagon collapsed. So the company we was working for says, "Build a 'dobe store and we'll make our headquarters here."

The company didn't find much gold and about a year later Uncle Zeke couldn't find the company. Zeke had the store, an' not knowin' what to do with it, just kinda kept it going easy-like.

There was always a few of them desert prospectors coming along and we kept mail in a keg for them. Helping Uncle Sam like that we couldn't leave the mail, for U. S. mail is U. S. mail you know, even though lots of folks came back only every year or more, an' darn near all of 'em owed us for grub.

Not long after the company smashed up, poor Uncle Zeke missed a water hole by 'bout a mile and a half, looking for that gold. But I stayed here in the shade satisfied with a few coppers and waiting for life to come my way. It come, folks, good and plenty with lots that was interesting, bringing heroes and cowards, successes and failures, cheats and the cheated from many corners of the world, all come to find peace and decency and live close to the sun and earth. They shed their pasts like lizards shed their tails.

There's no use diggin' down below

pay dirt in people's lives. These wide open spaces are so wide and so open that if a fellow had a sneaky thought or a mean disposition, he'd have to tie a rock on each corner of it to keep it from leavin' him.

Here in the desert we take an interest in simple things

that become right important after a while, things such as the family affairs of a horned toad, the flight of a tarantula hawk, the location of Fremont's footprints, Anza's trail and the Peg-Leg Mine, what dried up the dry lakes, what makes mirages, why cactus has stickers and water must be witched, why jump-

ing cactus jumps and the sidewinder goes sideways and smoke trees smoke and siestas siest.

People find their corners and fit themselves into them, just naturally acquiring new names. Life is at its simplest best in this little heart-shaped valley called Borego.

Whenever days move slow at the Mañana store I take to making wood-cuts of my desert friends and the things they do and see and think about. Some



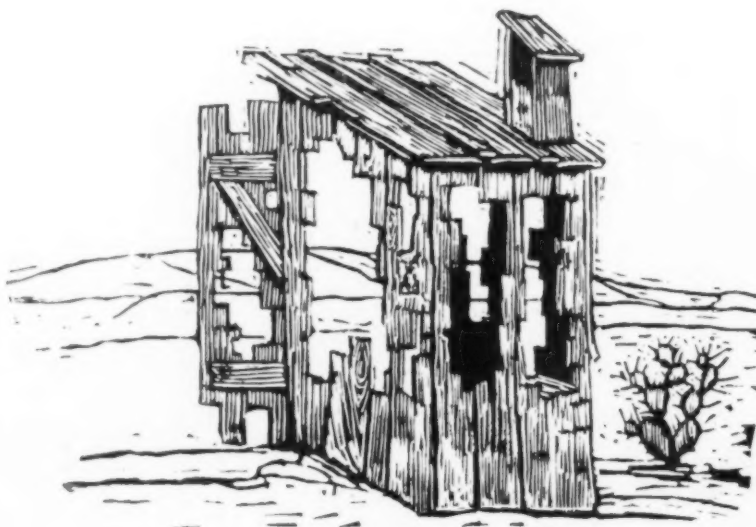
of my cuts were whittled out in the wind, some while half asleep sittin' in the sun, some over the counter where an idea come leapin' out of nowhere. I was always a little short on talent, experience and wood. Last time the Widow Winchester was here she looked out back of my place and said, kinda stern and reprov'n', "Hal, 'fore you go much further with this wood-cuttin' foolishness of yours, you better move up in the hills among the pines."

### The Passing of Borego Valley Scotty

SCOTTY ain't no more; he ain't dead or gone, mind you, but still there ain't no more Scotty. I know it's kinda confusin' but facts is facts, and we feel like there's been a funeral even when we know there ain't.

It come to a head yesterday. Haywire Johnnie rigs up a sure-fire, all-hitting, no-missing cuspidor to take the place of the sawdust box. It was a brass cuspidor. Someone willed it to Liminat Lem and he give it to me. It's got fine proportions and can accommodate all my customers. First time the boys used it, they discovered if you hit it dead center it makes a loud plink. That gives Johnnie an idea.

He comes over early yesterday morning to fix a contraption that'll fool the boys. All's it calls for is a piece of haywire, a rubber band and a string. It looks something like a mouse trap and is small enough to be hid behind the cuspidor with the manipulating







string round the end of the counter. Every time Johnnie pulls back on the string and lets go he stretches and releases the rubber band which is attached to a knobby-headed wire, and on the release the knob hits the cuspidor with a deceiving plink. Johnnie first shows his skill and technique to Gopher Joe and collects a two bit side bet with a trick shot that was supposed to turn around the corner at the finish and light in the gabboon, and did, for all Joe knew, hearing that home-base gong. Then Gopher Joe bet four bits with Liminatin Lem who come in next that he couldn't sit where he was and spit without hitting the floor, but lost because Lem spit out of the window.

Then in come Colonel Kashin and Borego Valley Scotty. Johnnie gives a knowing wink to Flapjack. "Here's your chance to make your money back," he says.

So Flapjack makes a five dollar bet with Scotty that he can spit around the corner and land square in the spittoon. Scotty takes Flapjack on and Johnnie sees to it that he loses. Scotty paid with a smile, like he liked it, and set the boys up to a round of cigars and soda pop. Strange doin's for a Scotchman, but that's the way Scotty's always been.

Kashin makes a wise-crack about his Scotch generosity and Scotty tells us how for thirty years he's been trying to live down the Scotch jokes and be different till he got so used to giving till it hurt that he kinda liked the pain. With that he buys another round of soda pop. Then I remember I have a letter for Scotty which I kept three weeks trying to figure out where it's from. So I hands it to him and he reads it, and you couldn't say from the expression on his face that the news was good. He busts out sudden with a string of cuss words fit to hang a man.



## AT THE TOP OF THE HILL



A LONE figure in overalls surveys the fields of his labor. Freshly planted rows point their even lines around a gently rising hill. Seemingly the world and its people are far away. But this man is not alone!

His home is at the top of the distant hill. And in his home is a telephone. Eighty-five million miles of wire lead to it. His call is a command to one or more of several hundred thousand employees. Day or night he may call, through the Bell System, any one of nearly twenty million other telephones in this country and an additional twelve million abroad.

And yet, like you, he pays but a small sum for a service that is frequently priceless in value. The presence of the telephone, ready for instant use, costs only a few

cents a day. With your telephone, you are never alone. It is an investment in companionship, convenience, and security. Through it you can project your personality to the faraway places of the earth, or bring familiar voices to the friendliness of your fireside.

Undoubtedly a great factor in the continued progress and improvement of telephone service is the intangible but real spirit of service that has become a tradition in the telephone business. This spirit expresses itself daily and in any emergency. And behind the army engaged in giving service is the pioneering help of a regiment of five thousand scientists and technical men, engaged in the sole task of working for improvement. This group devotes itself exclusively to seeking ways and means of making your telephone service constantly better and better.

### AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



"It's from Switzerland," he says, after stopping for breath. "I've hae'n one hundred thousand dollars left me and a half interest in a cookoo clock factory."

"Well that's nothing to get sore at," says Kashin. "You ought to be happy."

"Maybe you think it nothing to get sai'r aboot," says Scotty. "Here I've been mai'r than thirty years trying to be what a Scotchman ain't and noo I'm findin' oot I'm aw' wrong. For the

bloke I thought was my faither was only my frien' and foster parent. It makes my heart sair and gars me greet to ken I'm no Scotch after aw'. I've been deceived. The man who was really my faither turns out to be a Swiss."

Borego Valley Scotty ain't no more, but as Big Think says, he'll have a hell of a time living down that accent.

(Hal tells more about his friends next month.)

## BOOK TALK

FOR a time after finishing John Dos Passos' "1919" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) I had black spots flickering across my eyes—the way the old-fashioned movies used to affect me. Gradually they disappeared and I could see the whole magnificent book in a better perspective. The spots were caused by Mr. Dos Passos himself. Intentionally perhaps. He kept getting into the picture. He kept jerking the film. Every now and then he pulled it out of focus. Had it been an unremitting succession of Hemingway jerks the eye could have gotten accustomed to them. But the jerks of "1919" interrupt long smooth runs of intense romance and steadily advancing character evolutions.

The war, of course, is the subject, America and the war. The young men and women who go to war and their follies and their talk and their tragedies—these are the smoothly running romances. And just about the time they are running smoothly, along come "new reels" of headlines that we could very well do without, verbal snapshots of prominent characters of the time that happen to register with the picture, and then, slipped in without adding to the effect, are the jerk paragraphs that the author calls "Camera Eye" and which are nothing more nor less than Mr. Dos Passos telling his remembrances of the war. These we could forego without spoiling a splendid book.

The Victorian novelist had a way of saying, "Gentle Reader, we will now, etc."—and lead the G. R. off the course of the narrative into the bushes of his thoughts and sensations. The modern novelist would scorn the thought of using such a palpable trick. But here's an author doing precisely the same thing, with the difference that he isn't gentle about it, has no intention of being gentle. He leaps plunk into the middle of highly engaging narrative without apology. What Thackeray did with a winning gesture John Dos Passos does with yells and stutters.

Despite this—and when the black

spots fade out of the mental eye—"1919" stands revealed as a magnificent picture of youth being drawn on to an inevitable doom and having a riotous time as it goes there.

Accustomed once more to the orderly succession of events—and to take the acid taste out of the mouth—we follow Gustav Eckstein through "Lives" (Harper & Bros.). Eckstein, it will be remembered, wrote that splendid study of Noguchi, the Japanese medical explorer. Here his lives are microscopic almost—white mice, cockroaches, a macaw, cats, turtles—and such other strange companions as biologists take for their intimates. The studies are



"What kinda book would youse like?"

close-up miniatures of mute romance, adventure, tragedy and bitter cynicism. The hand of the experimenter constantly overshadows their lives. He is their nemesis. He pulls the strings of their tiny careers. But gently. No jerks here. This God isn't nervous. His Gentle Reader is always sitting just by his side absorbed in the world below. And when the lives are finished, the G. R. has become somewhat timid and trusting himself, so gently does Eckstein lead his small friends through their short lives.

Up to the present, according to his own biography published by Long-

mans, Green and Company, life has been a grand tussle between the gods and Frank Lloyd Wright. There's Welsh blood in the man and that always makes for stubborn resistance. That major planet, Frank Lloyd Wright, has been swimming around the world of architecture and headlines for many years. Strangely enough America saw only the headlines. Ages ago foreign artists hailed him as a luminary of the highest intensity. From him emanated Modernism in architecture. He was the grand-daddy of it all—only we haven't realized it—or had the courage to break through the prejudices against the man to acknowledge our debt to him. With the same old gusto and still firm in his beliefs, he unrolls his life before us. He

is a gentleman revolutionist in the drafting room. He hurls a mean T-square and only after many years have American architects learned the trick of catching it. . . . Of the women? That was where the gods and Mr. Wright seem to have fought it to a draw. But those tortuous and dramatic romances are as much a product of this man's upstanding soul as ever the Imperial Hotel in Tokio or any of the other Modernist structures his fancy has created. He has written a valiant book.

From this choppy sea of architecture and love nests it is a relief to drop anchor in the quiet bay of gardening. Walter Prichard Eaton, usually thought of as a dramatic critic, takes up the spade and hoe, and writes one of the sanest books yet published on this gentle diversion. The English novelist does this sort of thing with a turn of the hand and no one gives it a thought, but here in America gardening books are written by gardeners and dramatic criticism by dramatic critics and never the twain do meet nor does anyone ever think of even introducing them. "Everybody's Garden" (Knopf) is written from actual gardening experiences by a man who applies to the garden the same penetrating judgment that he turns on the stage. Mr. Eaton has his feet on the garden ground . . . and there's plenty of its soil on his hands. —Robert Erskine.



"This is a cruel outfit except for me and baby."

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1932, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry A. Richter, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations. To wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Life Publishing Co., 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. Editor, George T. Eggleston, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Henry A. Richter, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. (2) That the owner is: Life Publishing Company, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Charles Dana Gibson, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. F. B. Mallory, 60 East 42 St., New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for which trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Henry A. Richter. (Signature of Business Manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1932. (Seal) J. N. Nau, Notary Public, New York County No. 8; New York Register No. 2N5. My commission expires March 30, 1932



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# THE MOVIES

BY HARRY EVANS

## THE ANSWERS TO "GRAND HOTEL"

**N**O PARTY today is a success until somebody has asked somebody else the following list of questions:

1. Have you seen "Grand Hotel?"
2. How do you think it compares with the Book and the Play?
3. Why did they use so many Big Stars?
4. Do you think Joan Crawford steals the picture from Garbo?
5. I think Lionel Barrymore is miscast . . . do you?
6. And do you think his work overshadows John's performance?
7. Shouldn't Wallace Beery's part have been given to Jean Hersholt?
8. There are some swell pictures in the theatre lobby showing bedroom scenes between Joan and Wallace. What became of these in the film?
9. Don't you think that huge set of the hotel is in bad taste?
10. I notice that when the characters in a movie are supposed to be Germans, some speak with an accent and some do not. Why the hell is this?
11. What did you think of Lewis Stone's makeup as *The Doctor*?
12. And what is your opinion of Edmund Goulding's direction?

### ANSWERS:

1. Yes. And if you haven't you should.

2. If you read the Vicki Baum novel and are familiar with the stars of the film, you realize that you will have to readjust your mental pictures of some of the characters . . . which will be easier than you imagine, due to excellent direction. I think the picture is more interesting than the play.

3. If you've been to see the film you know. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted to be sure you would. Another reason is that Miss Baum's novel called for

five characters of almost equal importance. The screen version offers all but one of the principals a suitable chance to attain this importance. The exception is Joan Crawford in the rôle of *Flaemmchen*.

4. Joan does not steal the picture from Greta. In portraying the dancer, *Grusinskaya*, Garbo leaves little to be desired. She plays with such earnestness that in one scene she steps completely out of her usual shell of reserve



"I ain't gonna bring up my kids to do this!"

and fits about in a flit—I mean, flits about in a fit of girlish ecstasy.

Garbo is not built for flitting, nor is "girlish ecstasy" second-nature with her, as the fellow says. But she works up to this dangerous display of emoting with convincing enthusiasm, and quits at exactly the right time (for which, no doubt, she can share a bow with Director Goulding). This scene, alone, will cause the Garbo fans to leave the theatre with an increased admiration for their idol.

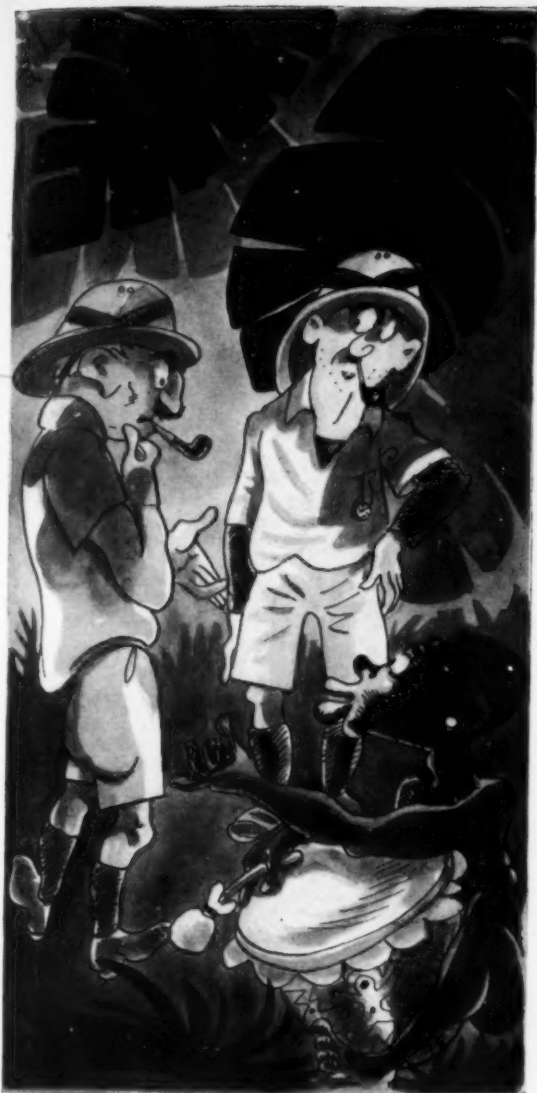
5. Lionel Barrymore looks far too

healthy to be the *Kringelein* you will expect if you read the book or saw the play. Despite this physical incompatibility he arouses your complete sympathy and dominates the action every time he is given an opportunity. The scene at the bar during which he denounces his former slave-driving employer (Beery) is a characteristic example of the emotional sincerity that establishes Lionel's greatness.

6. It would be unfair to compare John's work with Lionel's because he is not afforded an equal chance to shine. The challenge of Lionel's growing reputation, and the presence of other Big Shots in the cast present a temptation for John to overact in trying to make the most of his chances. Instead of committing this error he plays with a restraint and candid directness that is a distinct improvement in his screen deportment.

7. I doubt if Hersholt, or any other screen actor, could play *Preysing* more acceptably than Wallace Beery.

8. The answer to this one lies between Will Hays and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cutting room. Looking back on the recent M-G-M film, "*Arsene Lupin*," and remembering that bedroom scene between John Barrymore and Karen Morley, I doubt if old Parson Hays did the objecting. The only other theory is that somebody with authority kept Joan "under wraps." It is not necessary for Miss Crawford to undress to be attractive, but the effectiveness of her rôle depended on following, to a reasonable degree, the action as written by Vicki Baum. I may be wrong but my guess is that her bedroom scene with Mr. Beery was made according to the script—that it was one of the outstanding scenes in the picture, just as it was supposed to be—and that it was deleted for political rather than moral reasons. There are times when a good-looking pair of legs can be an awful handicap—to somebody else . . . which reminds me of the old nifty, that *nine out of ten women-baters are women*.



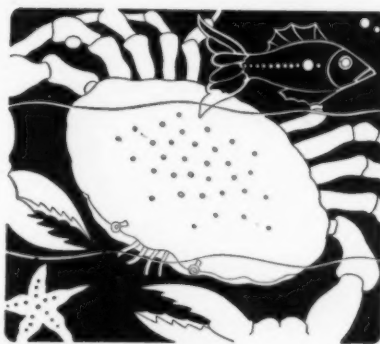
"He says he isn't allowed to say hell on the tom-tom!"

### Fills to the Gills

Andrew Mellon, once a treasurer,  
Gone to England, seeking pleasure.  
Secretary Ogden Mills  
Sits around on window sills.  
If he's not careful he'll get chills  
And be so busy taking pills  
He won't have time to collect our bills,  
For jack we've loaned to foreign dills,  
To help them cure financial ills.  
And now although it almost kills  
Them, very much against their wills,  
They just pick up their busy quills  
And tell us of their empty tills.  
Aren't we just a bunch of sils?  
Still we have an ample measure  
Of nothing else but lots of leisure,  
By Gad, sir.

—Bye Andrus.

## A JUNE WEEK-END IN THE MAURETANIA TO BERMUDA



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# CUNARD

On the other hand I may just be mad because the pretty pictures of Joan in the theatre lobby gave me the "Goody-Goodies!" . . . and then failed to materialize.

9. This pretentious piece of stage architecture is composed of a spiral staircase seven stories high. It represents the one extreme Hollywood touch in the film, but the photographic effects obtained by placing cameras on the top floor and focusing them on the lobby will provide a thrill for the average fan that justifies the ga-ga idea.

10. Well, you've got me there, Pal! I've been trying to figure this one out for years. All of the characters in "Grand Hotel" are supposed to be German or Russian . . . but look what happens. John, Joan, Lionel and Lewis speak straight English . . . Wallace bobs up with a heavy Prussian accent . . . the other characters take turns at speaking with and without accents . . . and Garbo, of course, speaks Garbo.

11. I see no reason why they should disfigure Lewis Stone's face as they have in his makeup as *The Doctor*. A patch over the eye and a scar on the face would be sufficient. To create the impression that he has an artificial limb, Lewis wears a felt sole on one shoe and a wooden one on the other. The resulting sound effect is realistic.

12. The smooth manner in which Director Gouling makes the big shots play to each other would indicate that he is a diplomat. Or maybe it is the depression. In any case, he handles an extremely heavy assignment with splendid judgment and a light, sure hand.

### Revuettes

(Pictures marked [x] not suitable for children.)

#### "THIS IS THE NIGHT"

Type. Romantic Comedy.

Cast. Lily Damita, Charlie Ruggles, Roland Young, Thelma Todd, Cary Grant.

Credits. The cast is simply swell; the direction by Frank Tuttle is one of those nearly perfect jobs; and Ralph Rainger's musical ideas deserve a full review in themselves.

Comment. You rarely have the chance to laugh as you will at this screen version of Avery Hopwood's play, so don't miss it.

Decision. Yes.

#### "TARZAN"

Type. Jungle Animal Thriller.

Cast. Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, Neil Hamilton, C. Aubrey Smith.

Credits. Director W. S. Van Dyke makes a worthy successor to "Trader Horn" . . . and Johnny Weissmuller has all the gals talking to themselves over his manly figger.

Comment. Go to see this with your imagination wide open . . . take the kids . . . and you'll have a swell time.

Decision. Yes.

#### "ONE HOUR WITH YOU" (x)

Type. Continental Comedy Romance.

Cast. Maurice Chevalier, Jeannette MacDonald, Genevieve Tobin, Roland Young, Charlie Ruggles.

Credits. Maurice is as cute as ever and has splendid support. And Ernst Lubitsch directed the film. What more do you want?

Comment. You can't beat Ernst and Maurice when it comes to making them funny and risqué. They were so afraid of the censors on this one that Maurice appeared before them in person to explain why certain scenes and dialog are really just good clean fun. I think it is a smart, highly amusing film, but if Will Hays can keep the scissors off of some of the lines in this one, the other producers will soon be taking advantage of this new leniency. You will love it . . . but keep Junior home.

Decision. Yes.

#### "THE MIRACLE MAN"

Type. Faith Healer-Crook Romance.

Cast. Sylvia Sydney, Hobart Bosworth, Chester Morris, Ned Sparks, Bobby Coogan, John Wray, Boris Karloff, Frank Darien, Lloyd Hughes, Virginia Bruce.

Credits. Bosworth's excellent performance . . . Sylvia continues upward . . . Other performers convincing . . . Intelligent direction by Norman McLeod.

Comment. This is a new picture and not

the old silent one with sound. That effective comic, Ned Sparks, plays the part of a crook whose screen name is Harry Evans. This is the third time this has happened. The next time I'll sue.

Decision. Yes.

#### "THE CROWD ROARS"

Type. Auto Race Drivers Romance.

Cast. James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Eric Linden, Ann Dvorak.

Credits. James does another convincing hard-boiled job. Well supported, particularly by Eric.

Comment. As usual I find Mr. Cagney a touch too overbearing with his hard stuff at times. Several shots of real auto wrecks are worked in cleverly and furnish a big kick. But one of the hoped for thrills turns out to be a snicker. One car burns up as it leaps through the fence, leaving a wall of flaming gas and oil across the track through which the other cars are forced to pass. Close-ups show the drivers choking for breath as they hurtle through the blinding smoke and fire, but unfortunately the cameras suddenly present a long shot, and the menacing wall of flame is seen to be a feeble ribbon of burning oil which extends only half way across the track, and which could easily be avoided. (Always belittlin'.) Which doesn't keep it from being a thrilling picture right on.

Decision. Yes—if you can take it.

### And Don't See—

"BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK"

"LOVE STARVED"

"THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE"

"THE MISLEADING LADY"

"DEVIL'S LOTTERY"



"I'm the wind in your next feature."





*The Author—Self-portrait  
cast in pewter*

## ART LINES

ONE of the surest signs of Spring in all our larger cities, is the annual show of their "independent" artists. New York Independents recently opened their much discussed exhibition in the Grand Central Palace.

The group was formed way back in 1916 by some spirited young artists including Robert Henri, John Sloan, George Bellows and Samuel Halperts, as a revolutionary gesture against that old ossified institution bombastically calling itself The National Academy of Design.

But since then many a thing changed. The "spirited and revolutionary young artists" turned into the staunch, and what's more, accepted pillars of American art, and even that old foggy institution forgot itself the other day and asked Ed. Hopper—a declared modernist—to join its ranks as an associate member. The say-so has it that he declined this dubious honor. Last but not least, the Independents' show changed too; not to its advantage, however. Modernism became standard enough to be copied by people who have no feeling for it, and consequently make a terrible mess out of it. A show like this, perhaps more than anything else, makes one realise that modern art became our bread and butter and even that old, hard boiled conservative—the public itself—came to take it for granted.

At times it is hard to believe that as recently as ten or twelve years ago there was such a thing as a group of serious artists and critics, plus a specially founded magazine (The Art World) to propagate the idea that men like Cézanne, Manet, Seurat or Matisse (the same Matisse of whom so much fuss was made last year, when he visited New York) are crazy, sadistic; their art a cult of Satanism (sic), obscene, and ugly beyond every description. This raving against the modern trend even went so far as to cause a certain doctor by the name of Theo. Hyslop (I don't know why, but this name reminds one of prohibition) to put the whole thing on a scientific basis and "prove" that these artists are pathologically insane. (If you care to read more of these worthy people's denunciations of modern art, Ruckstull's book, "Great Works of Art, and What Makes Them Great", will provide you with a good evening's entertainment.)

But let us go back to the show of the "Independents"—even if only to find that it was not worth the trouble.

The crop, as a whole, yields only a very few interesting pieces, mostly by artists we know. The rest is worthless. It's really nothing else but plain effrontery, to dare to exhibit things so utterly void of both talent and taste. I believe that there is a limit where tolerance and willingness to listen, look, and understand turn into signs of inexperience, us into suckers, and the attitude of these exhibiting nincompoops into plain insult.

An interesting feature of the show was an indicator showing what things were offered in barter for art. The cake, as usual, goes to the doctors and dentists, who apparently re-

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main our most faithful and dependable audience. In the Paris Salon D'Echange, where the idea of barter in this form originated, the same held true. It is certain that I rather do not take advantage of the offer, but it proves, nevertheless, that we knew what we are talking about when we asserted, that art can be turned into the medicine of many ills.

AN exhibition of the works of Carl Milles, the much discussed Swedish sculptor (this is the same show Philadelphia and St. Louis saw prior to its coming to New York), induced us to take the dip under the East River, and subway over to Brooklyn. It is so far the most complete show of this artist's work in the United States.

As a sculptor and designer of fountains and garden sculpture he is the most outstanding artist of our times. He came to America upon the invitation of the Cranbrook Foundation, and it is this foundation I wish to tell about.

There were many attempts made both here and in Europe, to develop a cultural center which not only teaches, but also applies its teachings to the practical demands of Life. I dare say the ideal solution is Cranbrook. The history of this foundation goes back about twenty-five years, when George Booth (publisher of the *Detroit News*) bought some land in Bloomfield Hills, about an hour's drive from Detroit, for a private residence. Soon other Detroiters followed suit, and a school for children was needed. This little school quietly developed into something, which today sounds less like reality than the utopian dream of an idealist.

First a school for boys and girls was added, then to encourage talented children, schools for different crafts; later an art institution and art academy; and the whole foundation is rounded out with a master artists colony, to form a center for the teachers and invited artists. The characteristic part of Cranbrook is that it does not talk but creates art, and that it grew out of this beautiful hilly countryside by its own efforts. In 1926 the Finnish architect, Eliel Saarinen (who with his entry to the *Chicago Tribune* tower competition revolutionized the design of the modern skyscraper) was invited, and he started in by designing a building for the architect to work in. From here the rest was slowly developed, built, decorated and furnished. Every piece of furniture, every rug, every lamp, and every wrought iron piece (this last is the specialty of Mr. Booth) is a product of the foundation, which gives free swing to its student individuality—instead of, as is so common in other craft schools, encouraging the imitation of antiques.

I think that you will want to know that the whole foundation is a twelve million dollar *outright* gift of Booth to American Culture. It is an open secret that, excepting their original home, the Booths kept nothing for themselves, and Cranbrook today stands on its own grounds, and has its own board of directors. You can walk around the foundation for a couple of days, feeling as in a dream, without ever finding a monument, memorial or dedication to this Philanthropist's unprecedented deed.

The school regularly invites the world's most outstanding artists to teach there by working out different projects. This is how Carl Milles came to America in the fall of 1930, and I understand that he will stay there for three years.

To be sure, a foundation like this establishes a precedent the like of which has not existed even in the much talked about princely courts of Renaissance Italy. —Gene Lux



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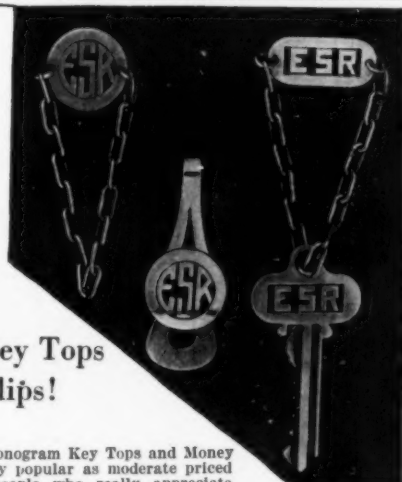
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# L I F E

## NO. 1 HORIZONTAL

1. Natural advantage.
12. You have to do this to get along.
13. What most employers are swinging.
14. Born.
15. William came from here.
17. A popular kind of library.
19. Can you tie this?
20. This was a fish, but got all twisted up.
22. Portuguese dinero.
23. What excesses do to the market.
24. Where a lot of blowouts occur.
26. What the Boswell sisters are.
27. A mark under the letter "C" to indicate the sound of "S".
29. This keeps you from being out.
31. If you are slow you can make haste, but if you're Swift you can make this.
32. Decline.
34. A river in southern China.
35. Lack of understanding.
36. Symbol for an element.
37. The rest of this state is awake (abbr.).
38. Some people eat this with a knife.
39. Doubly (prefix).
41. Try to find this in your soles.
45. This is easy to fall into.
47. This might help you on your climb.
48. This will give you a shock.
49. Man's name.
51. A cockney tiller.
52. The front end of a trench.
53. Longer than broad.
55. Your landlord calls you this.
57. Prefix meaning new.
58. Part of her tresses.
60. You do this to a mark.
61. Showing true feelings or intent.

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## NO. 1 VERTICAL

1. These will bring business back.
2. Side issue.
3. Dora thinks this is the law.

## NO. 2

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## NO. 1

4. Try to do this to a Missouri mule.
5. Approached halfway.
6. Tester.
7. The rear end of a café.
8. The mark of a villain.
9. A Scotchman will accept this amount.
10. This is salty.
11. Obstinate (two words).
16. A kind of wit.
18. High balls go over this.
20. Al's brown derby.
21. Horizontal 20 straightened out again.
24. Abodes of the gods.
25. The higher you go on this the less you pay.
27. African fresh air taxi.
28. The farmer boy.
30. The visitor's half of an inning.
31. What the bricklayer takes to the top.
33. These are always ready (abbr.).
34. Almost sober.
40. This will fit you.
42. Goddess who incited men to crime.
43. Objective, feminine.
44. These layers do not produce eggs.
46. This is never against anything.
48. Broadway dodger.
50. This can be opposite.
52. What Purdue made Stag do.
54. We wonder if the jockey will do this on his horse.
56. Neither.
58. What he looks like when turned around.
59. Most factories warn with this sign (abbr.).

## NO. 2 HORIZONTAL

1. A sure way to get ahead.
4. Something that is felt very often.
7. To fall senseless.
11. An exclamation of regret.
13. Poetical effusion.
14. This is final.

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NATURALLY you expect a shaving cream by Squibb to be different—to have some distinguishing characteristic that helps make shaving easier.

Squibb Shaving Cream will not disappoint you. For it not only brings you all the comfort that other shaving creams do, but it has an extra comfort. You'll feel it after you shave—a velvet coolness and a natural sense of ease.

In Squibb's, there is a special ingredient—corresponding as closely to the skin's natural oils as anything science has yet discovered. Because of this, Squibb's never leaves your face dry and tightened, but always naturally comfortable. Try a shave with Squibb Shaving Cream tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for a free sample, or send 10c for a generous guest-sized tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York City.

## SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM



OLD TOWN BOATS are rigid and rugged. A heavy motor does not drag on the stern or shake it. Each boat is designed for speed and comfort . . . built to last for many years.

Write for free catalog illustrating many models (as low as \$90). Sporting types; big, fast, all-wood, seaworthy boats for family use. Also dinghies; rowboats; canoes. Old Town Canoe Co., 1326 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

*"Old Town Boats"*

15. The kind of work that gives you a pain.
17. Some time.
19. Lookie!
20. The way the war debts were last year.
22. One place where there's still gold.
23. What makes a fat lady fat.
24. To save.
27. Very black.
29. A Saturday Night Ritual.
30. Another thing Hoover wants.
31. Where bridges go.
32. Sometimes called the widow's.
33. What women never tell.
34. Naughty, naughty!
35. Where all tooth-paste comes from.
37. To be.
38. What a grandfather does to his grandchildren.
40. Do or die.
41. He killed his brother.
43. One source of ivory.
44. Big enough to float a battleship.
45. Twice told tales.
46. These houses come high.
47. Something never kept up around a club.
48. The relief that never came.
49. Foot-bath.
50. Persuade or allure.
51. Always in the red now.
52. Part of a circle.
53. Thrash soundly.
55. The word for the French.
56. Sorrow.
58. The way to get a thing.
62. An international agreement.
63. A wise old bird.
65. Where the farmer keeps part of his corn.
66. A barren place.
67. Wax manufacturer.
68. Something damp at night.

### NO. 2 VERTICAL

1. No way to be happy.
2. Comparatively low spirits.
3. Flat dish.
4. What mice live in.
5. This keeps newspapers going.
6. Golfers do this to a golf ball.
7. Something to put food into.
8. Burnt wood.
9. Sex appeal.
10. Something that bites.
12. Windy weather.
14. Forsaken.
16. Holy terror.
18. Lean.
19. Time to go home.
21. Hell raiser.
23. The path of destiny.
24. Blot.
25. Things to hang hats on.
26. To be plural.
28. The guest who is never on time.
29. Something for baby at dinner.
31. Bread baker.
32. Northern ox.
34. The roughest lake.
35. Examination.
36. Kind of beef.
39. Rare type of piano.
40. This is profound.
41. When this is drawn out, the company liquidates.
42. Behind the hand of the law.
44. Total.
45. Cows' path.
46. To walk rapidly.
47. These never get paid.
48. Steal.
49. Court order.
50. Where dirty clothes go.
52. Gateway.
54. What actors prefer fat.
56. Gangster's weapon.
57. Something that hangs on watches.
59. Help!
60. A little land in a lot of water.
61. Today.
62. The state your father's always in.
64. The editorial plural.

[ Tennis Fans: ]

## Sun can Kill your Hair



TENNIS is good for you, but bad for your hair! Sun bakes it, makes it lusterless; water saps its oil.

Halts this havoc! Take the 60-second workout with Vitalis. Massage its pure vegetable oils into your parched scalp, and your hair will be healthy, handsome—alive!

50 seconds of rubbing, 10 seconds of combing with Vitalis, and your hair will look thick—and it will stay in place. Take the Vitalis workout before and after you face the hair-parching summer sun!

### the 60-Second Workout



• The 60-second workout: a brisk rub with Vitalis!

• Vitalis and massage keep hair safe under the summer sun!

## Vitalis

KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME



### Ask Your Barber

The barber knows what's what about hair. He has to. Ask him about Vitalis!

# The Wisest Men in America

(See Dun's and Bradstreets)

*have repeatedly stated in recent interviews  
that the one sure cure for Depressionitis  
is a cheerful frame of mind*



**Life**, in cooperation with eminent Specialists, is offering you a 12 months' treatment, **GUARANTEED TO PRODUCE RESULTS**, for the small sum of only \$1.50.

***Especially  
Recommended  
for:***

Rundown executives

Discouraged salesmen

Over-stocked retailers and manufacturers

Depositors in closed banks and their relatives and friends

**Ingredients:** Approximately 64 pages of wit, wisdom, sound philosophy and gloom chasers in each issue.

**Dose:** Read once a month, in reclining position; preferably after meals.

**How to obtain:** Simply detach coupon and mail with dollar bill and fifty cents or its equivalent (no merchandise accepted).

L 6-32

**Life, 60 East 42nd Street, New York**

Send me your special treatment for Depressionitis, consisting of 12 issues of Life. A dollar and a half is enclosed.

Name .....

Street and No. ....

City and State .....





# PIERRE ROOF

Dinner  
Supper  
Dancing

WILLIAM SCOTTI  
and the  
HOTEL PIERRE ORCHESTRA

HOTEL PIERRE  
Fifth Avenue at 61st Street

CHARLES PIERRE, Managing Director

## Virginia's Seashore for Reduced Budgets

MILES of white  
beaches—tennis on  
fast courts—lake, ocean,  
and bay fishing—riding  
—exploring—and golf  
on fairways of velvet  
smoothness—in a won-  
drous historical back-  
ground.

Splendid hotels and cottages at rates that  
make depressionists feel gay. Write for illus-  
trated guide No. 4 with complete costs, etc.

Tourist Information Bureau  
NORFOLK - PORTSMOUTH  
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE  
NORFOLK, VA.



330  
EAST  
56th

A CLUB HOTEL in  
the fashionable Sutton  
Place District.

SINGLE ROOMS  
\$12.50 weekly up



2-ROOM SUITES  
\$20 weekly up

SWIMMING POOL FREE  
Wickersham 2-3940

The SUTTON  
New York City

## What's It All About?

### Personals

DICK—Cannot be Los Angeles;  
house vacant; don't threaten, I'm too  
nervous; I'll be said by all of you and  
get away from here. Jessie.

—Kansas City Star.

EDWARD—Communicate with  
lady you accompanied home Saturday  
evening you were so ill you had to  
leave. I have moved.

—Dallas News.

JOE PLEASE COMMUNICATE  
with me or Murrey; electrician keeping  
business going; people think you sick.

MILLIE, Wife.  
—N. Y. Times.

INTERESTED muchly, give con-  
fidentially rendezvous. Y-2122.

—N. Y. American.

HERMAN, COMMUNICATE OR  
telephone with Joe at once; everything  
O. K.

—N. Y. Times.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

### Epitaph For A Mystery Story Writer

The usual plot . . .  
X marks  
the final spot.



"Would you mind pointing out the  
33,000 speakeasies?"

"Is this failing  
confined to the  
feminine sex?"



## SINCE WHEN? chorus the women

▼ A woman from California is the  
author of a rather scathing letter  
we have just received.

"I seem to be getting a little weary  
of the advice you heap upon us women  
about perspiration odor.

"We must realize the danger. We  
must not risk disillusioning the men.  
We must use something regularly,  
other than our daily bath.

"All right, we admit it. And most  
of us do something about it.

"But since when has perspiration  
odor become a failing of the feminine  
sex exclusively? Don't men perspire?  
Is there any good reason why  
they shouldn't do something about it?

"Call us unreasonable if you dare."

▼ Well, we don't dare, do we, men?  
Why not look at this thing squarely—  
especially since perspiration odor is  
such an easy thing to avoid?

Just half a minute morning or evening  
when you dress is all you need. A little  
Mum rubbed under each arm and you  
can't offend with perspiration odor.

Mum is an instant cream deodorant.  
It's harmless to skin and clothing. It  
doesn't interfere with natural perspira-  
tion processes—just destroys body odor.

Keep a jar of Mum in the bathroom;  
take it in your traveling bag; it can't  
spill or scatter. Be safe all day every  
day—with Mum. At all toilet counters,  
35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc.,  
75 West St., New York.

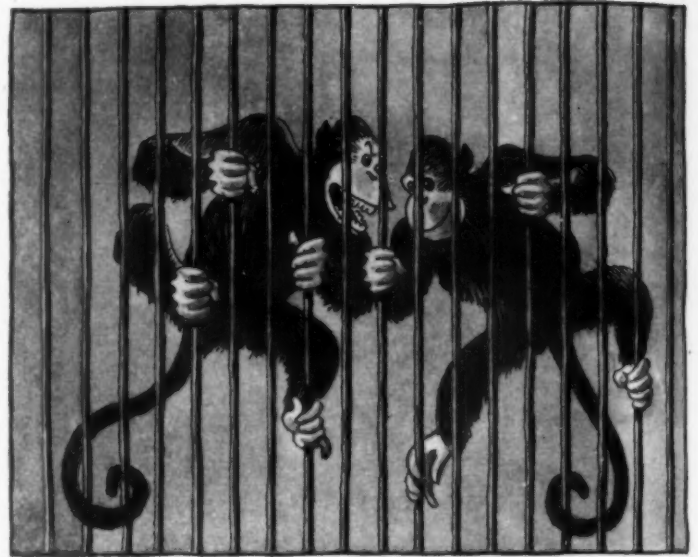


USE MUM ON BURNING FEET. When your feet  
are hot and perspiring rub lightly with  
Mum. It is so soothing and cooling. Destroys  
every trace of odor and keeps hose fresher.

THE OTHER SIDE OF LIFE



FIRST MOSQUITO: Remember the nights along the Riviera?

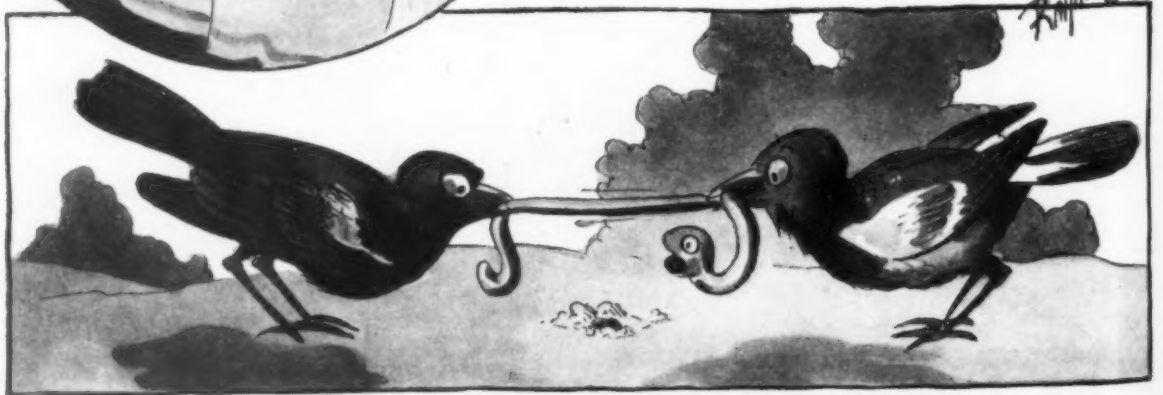


"Everything's set for tomorrow night when they come to clean the cage."

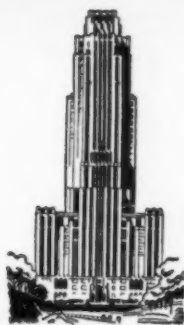


"When I came here, this was just a wilderness."

"Fancy meeting you here!"



"Gentlemen—pull-ease!"



## Visitors to New York Please Note:

Come to ESSEX HOUSE.  
The location is central.  
The view is magnificent.  
The rates are commercial.  
The service is residential.  
The difference is worth-while.

# ESSEX HOUSE

160 Central Park South  
NEW YORK CITY  
A. AUWAERTER, Manager

**EUROPE 29 DAYS ALL EXPENSES \$195**  
ENGLAND HOLLAND BELGIUM FRANCE CANADA  
Weekly sailings via Canadian Pacific, June 3 to August 19. Ask for details; also our free book of 200 House Party and Collegiate Tours.  
**THE TRAVEL GUILD, INC.**  
180 N. Michigan CHICAGO 521 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK 308 Boylston St. BOSTON

## OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York

Gentlemen: Please enter my subscription for one year at [enclosed herewith] \$1.50 (Canadian and Foreign \$2.10). [kindly bill me]

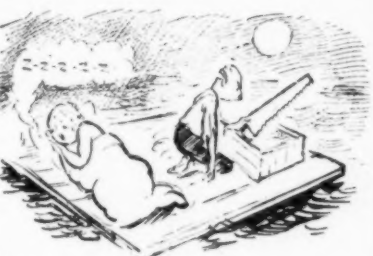
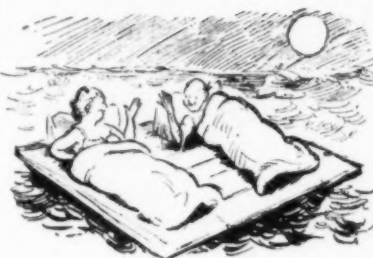
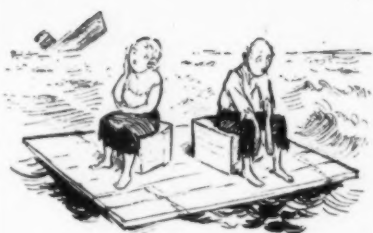
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## Our Foolish Contemporaries



—The Humorist (London)

*Eases the Journey  
back to Health*

## VICHY CÉLESTINS

long known to the medical profession, is extensively prescribed in stomach and liver affections.

This natural alkaline mineral water from the Spring at Vichy, France, the famous health resort, is obtainable from your druggist or grocer.

American Agency of French Vichy, Inc.  
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

*in*  
**New York**  
New 13-story hotel accessible to New York's famous attractions yet quietly residential. Club features.  
*Send for folder*

**PICKWICK ARMS**  
230 EAST 51<sup>ST</sup> ST.  
Grand Central Zone **Up daily**

## CORNS Instant Relief

Don't cut your corns and risk blood-poisoning. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for 100% safe, instant relief. Loosen and remove corns in 2 days. Heal sore toes. At drug and shoe stores.



**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

## FAMOUS DOG BOOK FREE

This complete Guide Book, the most valuable work of its kind ever published, tells how to recognize and treat common dog ailments. Also gives the real facts about **DISTEMPER** which every dog owner should know, and a wealth of other information of priceless value about care and feeding dogs of all breeds and ages. Write for it NOW!

**H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.**  
Dept. F. 119 Fifth Avenue, New York

**GLOVER'S**  
IMPERIAL  
ANIMAL MEDICINES

"DON'T WAIT  
TILL I GET  
SICK - SEND  
FOR  
IT  
NOW!"





# "Chic" Sale

says

"BEIN' TIGHT

Don't

Pay!"



GENTLEMEN, if there ever was a stingy feller it was Ira Jenkins. Six-foot-two in his stockin' feet, he would come down to the depot at train time and read the passengers' newspapers through the train windows. Well sir, one day a smilin' drummer gave Ira a little tin box of chocolate tablets. They tasted good to Ira, but he bein' so stingy he jest ate one now and then.

Well sir, I never see such a change come over a feller. He's spendin' more money in one day than he used to spend in a week, but bein' of an agreeable nature now and havin' lots of friends he's makin' more in one day than he used to make in two weeks. I thank you.

"Chic" Sale

The little chocolated tablets that "tasted good to Ira" are gentle, mild Ex-Lax—the scientific laxative that doctors approve.

Ex-Lax is composed of pure, delicious chocolate, combined with phenolphthalein—the medicinal ingredient which has been prescribed by physicians the world over. Ex-Lax is safe for everybody, children included.

Try Ex-Lax tonight. 10c, 25c, and 50c, at your drug store—or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with

**EX-LAX**

The Chocolated Laxative

FREE SAMPLE OF EX-LAX  
and "CHIC" SALE'S WELLS CORNERS GAZETTE

Name .....

Address .....

Mail this coupon to Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170, W62  
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## LIFE'S GAME OF SITCHEEYASHUNS

"So you won't talk, eh?"

The space above needs a picture situation (sitcheeyashun to you). See if you can find a picture to fit the caption. The picture must be clipped from a magazine advertisement and any magazine may be used. Send in as many as you like, cut them into any combinations you like.

The prize for the funniest will be twenty-five dollars. There will be fifteen two dollar prizes.

Designate the advertiser, the magazine, and the date of issue.

CONDITIONS: The editors of LIFE will act as judges and their decision must be considered final. In the event of ties, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

The contest is open to every one whether a subscriber to LIFE or not, except members of LIFE'S staff and their families.

Answers must be received at this office not later than 12 o'clock noon, on June 29th. Winners will be announced in the August issue.

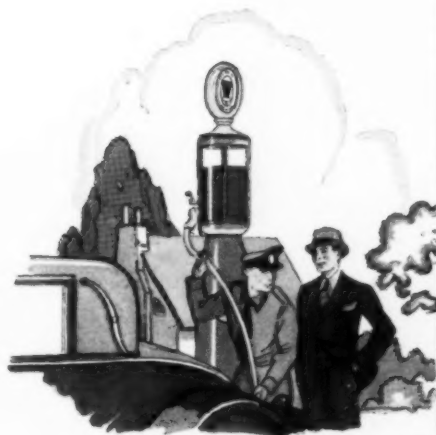
Address the Sitcheeyashun Editor, Life Magazine, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

**FIRST PRIZE 25 DOLLARS**

*Upper... or Lower?*



*Gasoline... or Ethyl?*



© E. G. C. 1932

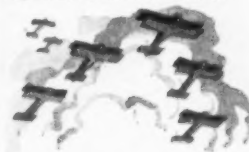
**J**UST as there are two ways to travel by sleeping car, so there are two ways to travel in your automobile. You can use regular gasoline and get there, or you can use Ethyl Gasoline and drive more easily and more comfortably. Today you can buy Ethyl for less, on the average, than you paid for regular gasoline only a few years ago.

*Buy* **ETHYL GASOLINE**

**MORE PEOPLE NOW**

**USE ETHYL**  
*than any other  
motor fuel*

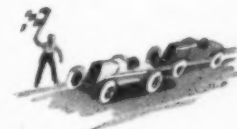
Ethyl Gasoline is good, tested gasoline, made better by the addition of Ethyl fluid. It is now sold by nearly every oil company. It is bought—and enthusiastically endorsed—by more people than buy any other brand of motor fuel.



**IN THE AIR**—Army and Navy planes use Ethyl. Large transport companies use it. Private aviators use it. They find that Ethyl's smoother, greater, and more dependable power is one of the most important aids to safety.



**ON THE WATER**—Boat racers depend on Ethyl. Private owners find that it adds extra knots, lessens repair bills and lengthens the life of their motors.



**ON THE TRACK**—Every winner of the Indianapolis speed classic for the past seven years has used Ethyl. World records for every kind of automobile racing are held by Ethyl.



**IN CARS LIKE YOURS**—Ethyl makes such an improvement, offers such economical and efficient power, that nearly every car manufacturer now builds high compression motors requiring gasoline of Ethyl quality. Older cars thank you even more for Ethyl's greater power.



ETHYL fluid contains lead. Ethyl Gasoline quality is maintained by laboratory inspection of samples collected from pumps daily. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York.

*"Cream of the Crop"*

**LUCKY STRIKE**  
"IT'S TOASTED"  
CIGARETTES

*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*

**"LUCKIES are my standby"**

Copy. 1946, The American Tobacco Co.

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK  
Cash in on Poppa's famous name? Not Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.! For months he labored as a five-dollar-a-day "extra." Then he crashed in to a part like a brick through a plate-glass window. See him in his latest FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE, "IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS." Doug has stuck to LUCKIES four years, but didn't stick the makers of LUCKIES anything for his kind words. "You're a brick, Doug."

"LUCKIES are my standby. I buy them exclusively. I've tried practically all brands but LUCKY STRIKES are kind to my throat. And that new improved Cellophane wrapper that opens with a flip of the finger is a ten strike."

*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*

**"It's toasted"**

**Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough**  
**And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh**